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# DON JUAN.

BY

L O R D B Y R O N.

CANTOS I. TO VI.

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“ Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”  
HOR.

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VOL. I.

LONDON :  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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MDCCCXXVI.

Thomas White, Printer,  
Johnson' Co.

THE  
**W O R K S**  
OF  
**L O R D B Y R O N.**

VOL. IX.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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MDCCCXXVI.





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DON JUAN.

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CANTO I.

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I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,

When every year and month sends forth a new one,  
Till after cloying the gazettes with cant,

The age discovers he is not the true one:  
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,

I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,  
We all have seen him in the pantomime  
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,  
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,  
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,

And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;  
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,

Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:  
France, too, had Bonaparté and Dumourier  
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

## III.

Barnare, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,  
Petion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,  
Were French, and famous people, as we know ;  
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,  
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,  
With many of the military set,  
Exceedingly remarkable at times,  
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

## IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,  
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd ;  
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,  
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd ;  
Because the army's grown more popular,  
At which the naval people are concern'd :  
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,  
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

## V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon (1)  
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none ;  
But then they shone not on the poet's page,  
And so have been forgotten :—I condemn none,  
But can't find any in the present age  
Fit for my poem (that is for my new one) ;  
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

## VI.

Most epic poets plunge in "medias res,"  
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road)  
And then your hero tells whene'er you please,  
What went before—by way of episode,  
While seated after dinner at his ease,  
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,  
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,  
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

## VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine---  
My way is to begin with the beginning,  
The regularity of my design  
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning.  
And therefore I shall open with a line  
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)  
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,  
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

## VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,  
Famous for oranges and woman---he  
Who has not seen it, will be much to pity,  
So says the proverb---and I quite agree;  
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,  
Cadiz perhaps---but that you soon may see :---  
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,  
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

## IX.

His father's name was *Jóse*---*Don* of course,  
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain  
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source  
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;  
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,  
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,  
Than *Jóse*, who begot our hero, who  
Begot---but that's to come---Well, to renew:

## X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed  
For every branch of every science known---  
In every christian language ever named,  
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,  
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,  
And even the good with inward envy groan,  
Finding themselves so very much exceeded  
In their own way by all the things that she did.

## XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart  
All Calderon, and greater part of *Lopé*,  
So that if any actor miss'd his part  
She could have served him for the prompter's copy:  
For her *Feinagle's* were an useless art,  
And he himself obliged to shut up shop---he  
Could never make a memory so fine as  
That which adorned the brain of *Donna Inez*.

## XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,  
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,  
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,  
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity;  
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call  
A prodigy---her morning dress was dimity,  
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,  
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

## XIII.

She knew the Latin---that is, "the Lord's prayer,"  
And Greek---the alphabet---I'm nearly sure;  
She read some French romances here and there,  
Although her mode of speaking was not pure;  
For native Spanish she had no great care,  
At least her conversation was obscure,  
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,  
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

## XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,  
And said there was analogy between 'em,  
She prov'd it somehow out of sacred song,  
But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em;  
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,  
And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,  
"'Tis strange---the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'  
"The English always use to govern d---n."

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 XV

\* \* \* \* \*

## XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,  
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,  
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education;  
 Or "Cœlebs' Wife," set out in quest of lovers,  
 Morality's prim personification,  
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,  
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"  
 For she had not even one---the worst of all.

## XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel---  
 Of any modern female saint's comparison;  
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,  
 Her guardian angel had given up his garrison:  
 Even her minutest motions went as well  
 As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:  
 In virtue nothing earthly could surpass her,  
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! (2)

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XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is  
  Insidid in this naughty world of ours,  
Where our first parents never learned to kiss,  
  Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,  
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,  
  (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours,)  
Don J6se, like a lineal son of Eve,  
Went plucking various fruits without her leave.

## XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,  
  With no great love for learning or the learn'd.  
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,  
  And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;  
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined  
  To see a kingdom or a house o'turn'd,  
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*.  
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

## XX.

Now Donna Inez, had with all her merit,  
  A great opinion of her own good qualities :  
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,  
  And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;  
But then she had a devil of a spirit,  
  And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,  
And let few opportunities escape  
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

## XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man

Oft in the wrong and never on his guard:

And even the wisest, do the best they can,

Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,

That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;"

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,

And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,

And why and wherefore no one understands.

## XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed

With persons of no sort of education,

Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,

Grow tired of scientific conversation:

I don't choose to say much upon this head,

I'm a plain man, and in a single station,

But---Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?

## XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd---*why*,

Not any of the many could divine,

Though several thousand people chose to try,

'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine;

I loathe that low vice, curiosity,

But if there's any thing in which I shine,

'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,

Not having, of my own, domestic cares.



## XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best  
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;  
I think the foolish people were possess'd,  
For neither of them could I ever find,  
Although their porter afterwards confess'd---  
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,  
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,  
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

## XXV.

A little curly-headed good-for-nothing  
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;  
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting  
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;  
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in  
Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth  
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,  
To teach him manners for the time to come.

## XXVI.

Don Josc and the Donna Inez led  
For some time an unhappy sort of life,  
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;  
They lived respectably as man and wife,  
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,  
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,  
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,  
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

## XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,  
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,  
But as he had some lucid intermissions,  
She next decided he was only *bad*;  
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,  
No sort of explanation could be had,  
Save that her duty both to man and God  
Required this conduct---which seem'd very odd.

## XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,  
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,  
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted,  
And then she had all Seville for abettors,  
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);  
The hearers of her case became repeaters,  
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,  
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

## XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore  
With such serenity her husband's woes,  
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,  
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose  
Never to say a word about them more---  
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,  
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,  
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magnanimity!"

## XXX.

No doubt, this patience, when the world is damning us,  
Is philosophic in our former friends;  
'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,  
The more so in obtaining our own ends;  
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*,"  
Conduct like this by no means comprehends :  
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,  
But then 'tis not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

## XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,  
And help them with a lie or two additional ;  
*I'm* not to blame, as you well know, no more is  
Any one else---they were become traditional ;  
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories  
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all,  
And science profits by this resurrection---  
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

## XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,  
Then their relations, who made matters worse ;  
( 'Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion  
To whom it may be best to have recourse---  
I can't say much for friend or yet relation ) :  
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,  
But scarce a fee was paid on either side  
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

## XXXIII.

He died : and most unluckily, because,  
According to all hints I could collect  
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws,  
(Although their talk 's obscure and circumspect,) His death contrived to spoil a charming cause ;  
A thousand pities also with respect  
To public feeling, which on this occasion  
Was manifested in a great sensation.

## XXXIV.

But, ah ! he died ; and buried with him lay  
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees ;  
His house was sold, his servants sent away,  
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,  
A priest the other---at least so they say ;  
I ask'd the doctors after his disease,  
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,  
And left his widow to her own aversion.

## XXXV.

Yet J6se was an honourable man,  
That I must say, who knew him very well ;  
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,  
Indeed there were not many more to tell ;  
And if his passions now and then outran  
Discretion, and were not so peaceable  
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),  
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

## XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,  
Poor fellow ! he had many things to wound him,  
Let's own, since it can do no good on earth ;  
It was a trying moment that which found him  
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth ;  
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him ;  
No choice was left his feelings or his pride  
Save death or Doctors' Commons---so he died.

## XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir  
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,  
Which, with a long minority and care,  
Promised to turn out well in proper hands ;  
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,  
And answer'd but to nature's just demands :  
An only son left with an only mother  
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

## XXXVIII

Sagest of women, even of widows, she  
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,  
And worthy of the noblest pedigree :  
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Arragon.)  
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,  
In case our lord the king should go to war again,  
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,  
And how to scale a fortress---or a nunnery.

## XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,  
And saw into herself each day before all  
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,  
Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral;  
Much into all his studies she inquired,  
And so they were submitted first to her, all,  
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery  
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

## XL.

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use,  
In all these he was much and deeply read;  
But not a page of any thing that's loose,  
Or hints continuation of the species,  
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

## XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,  
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,  
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,  
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;  
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,  
And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,  
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,  
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

## XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,  
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,  
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,  
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,  
Although (3) Longinus tells us there is no hymn  
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample ;  
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one  
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon*."

## XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong  
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food ;  
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,  
Although no doubt his real intent was good,  
For speaking out so plainly in his song,  
So much indeed as to be downright rude ;  
And then what proper person can be partial  
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?

## XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,  
Expurgated by learned men, who place  
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,  
The grosser parts ; but fearful to deface  
Too much their modest bard by this omission,  
And pitying sore his mutilated case,  
They only add them all in an appendix, (4)  
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index ;

## XLV

For there we have them all at one fell swoop,  
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;  
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,  
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,  
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop  
To call them back into their separate cages,  
Instead of standing staring altogether,  
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

## XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)  
Was ornamented in a sort of way  
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all  
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,  
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,  
Could turn their optics to the text and pray  
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother  
Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

## XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,  
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;  
To Jerome and Chrysostom inured,  
He did not take such studies for restraints;  
But how faith is acquired, and then insured,  
So well not one of the aforesaid paints,  
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions;  
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.



## XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—

I can't but say that his mamma was right,  
If such an education was the true one.

She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;  
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one

You might be sure she was a perfect fright:  
She did this during even her husband's life—  
I recommend as much to every wife.

## XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace;

At six a charming child, and at eleven  
With all the promise of as fine a face

As e'er to man's maturer growth was given :  
He studied steadily, and grew apace,

And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,  
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other  
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

## L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,

At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy ;  
Although in infancy a little wild,

They tamed him down amongst them ; to destroy  
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,

At least it seem'd so ; and his mother's joy  
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,  
Her young philosopher was grown already.

## LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,  
But what I say is neither here nor there :  
I knew his father well, and have some skill  
In character—but it would not be fair  
From sire to son to augur good or ill ;  
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair---  
But scandal's my aversion---I protest  
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

## LII.

For my part I say nothing---nothing---but  
*This* I will say---my reasons are my own---  
That if I had an only son to put  
To school (as God be praised that I have none)  
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut  
Him up to learn his catechism alone,  
No---no---I'd send him out betimes to college,  
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

## LIII.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,  
Though I acquired—but I pass over that,  
As well as all the Greek I since have lost :  
I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"  
I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,  
Knowledge of matters—but, no matter *what*—  
I never married—but, I think, I know  
That sons should not be educated so.

## LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,  
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit ; he seem'd  
Active, though not so sprightly as a page ;  
And every body but his mother deem'd  
Him almost man ; but she flew in a rage  
And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd),  
If any said so, for to be precocious  
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

## LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintances, all  
Selected for discretion and devotion,  
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call  
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion  
Of many charms in her as natural  
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,  
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,  
(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

## LVI.

The darkness of her oriental eye  
Accorded with her Moorish origin ;  
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by ;  
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)  
When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly,  
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin  
Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain,  
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

## LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)

With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down  
His blood less noble than such blood should be;

At such alliances his sires would frown,  
In that point so precise in each degree

That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,  
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,  
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

## LVIII.

This Heathenish cross restored the breed again,

Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;  
For from a root, the ugliest in Old Spain

Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;  
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:

But there's a rumour which I fain would hush,  
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma  
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

## LIX.

However this might be, the race went on

Improving still through every generation,  
Until it center'd in an only son,

Who left an only daughter, my narration  
May have suggested that this single one

Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion  
I shall have much to speak about), and she  
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

## LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)

Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire  
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise

Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,  
And love than either; and there would arise

A something in them which was not desire,  
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul  
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

## LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow

Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,

Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,

As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,  
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:  
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

## LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man

Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;  
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE

'Twere better to have two of five and twenty,  
Especially in countries near the sun:

And now I think on't, "mi vien in mente,"  
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue  
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

## LXIII.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,  
And all the fault of that indecent sun,  
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,  
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,  
That howsoever people fast and pray  
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone :  
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,  
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

## LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral north !  
Where all is virtue, and the winter season  
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth ;  
( 'Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason ) ;  
Where juries cast up what a wife is worth  
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on  
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,  
Because it is a marketable vice.

## LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,  
A man well-looking for his years, and who  
Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorr'd ;  
They lived together as most people do,  
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,  
And not exactly either *one* or *two* ;  
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

## LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—

With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;  
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,

For not a line had Julia ever penn'd :  
Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,  
For malice still imputes some private end)  
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,  
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage ;

## LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connexion

Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,  
She took his lady also in affection,

And certainly this course was much the best :  
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,

And complimented Don Alfonso's taste ;  
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,  
At least she left it a more slender handle.

## LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair

With other people's eyes, or if her own  
Discoveries made, but none could be aware

Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown ;  
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,

Indifferent from the first, or callous grown :  
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,  
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

## LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,  
Caress'd him often, such a thing might be  
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,  
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he ;  
But I am not so sure I should have smiled  
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three,  
These few short years make wonderous alterations,  
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

## LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become  
Changed ; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,  
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,  
And much embarrassment in either eye ;  
There surely will be little doubt with some  
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,  
But as for Juan, he had no more notion  
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

## LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,  
And tremulously gentle her small hand  
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind  
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland  
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind  
'Twas but a doubt ; but ne'er magician's wand  
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art  
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.



---

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,  
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,  
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store  
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while,  
For that compression in its burning core ;  
Even innocence itself has many a wile,  
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,  
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

## LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles yet betrays  
Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky  
Fortells the heaviest tempest, it displays  
Its workings through the vainly-guarded eye,  
And in whatever aspect it arrays  
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy ;  
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,  
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

## LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left ;  
All these are little preludes to possession,  
Of which young passion cannot be bereft,  
And merely tend to show how greatly love is  
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

## LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;  
She felt it going, and resolved to make  
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,  
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake;  
Her resolutions were most truly great,  
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake;  
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,  
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

## LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,  
And next day paid a visit to his mother,  
And look'd extremely at the opening door,  
Which, by the virgin's grace, let in another;  
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—  
Again it opens, it can be no other,  
'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid  
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

## LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman  
Should rather face and overcome temptation.  
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man  
Should ever give her heart the least sensation;  
That is to say, a thought beyond the common  
Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,  
For people who are pleasanter than others,  
But then they only seem so many brothers.

## LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?

The devil's so very sly—she should discover  
That all within was not so very well,

And, if still free, that such or such a lover  
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell

Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;  
And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:  
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

## LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,

Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,  
Such as the angels think so very fine,

And matrons who would be no less secure,  
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine:"

Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,  
And so I'd have her think, were I the man  
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

## LXXX.

Such love is innocent and may exist

Between young persons without any danger,  
A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;

For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,  
But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list

Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger!  
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,  
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

---

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,  
Was Julia's innocent determination  
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its  
Exertion might be useful on occasion ;  
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its  
Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion  
He might be taught, by love and her together—  
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

## LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced  
In mail of proof—her purity of soul,  
She, for the future of her strength convinced,  
And that her honour was a rock, or mole,  
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed  
With any kind of troublesome control ;  
But whether Julia to the task was equal  
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

## LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,  
And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen  
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's seizable,  
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean  
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable  
A quiet conscience makes one so serene !  
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded  
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

## LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,

But heaven forbid that such a thought should cross  
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she sigh'd)

Never could she survive that common loss ;  
But just suppose that moment should betide,

I only say suppose it *inter nos*.

(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought  
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

## LXXXV.

I only say suppose this supposition :

Juan being then grown up to man's estate  
Would fully suit a widow of condition,

Even seven years hence it would not be too late ;  
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)

The mischief, after all, could not be great,  
For he would learn the rudiments of love,  
I mean the seraph way of those above.

## LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan,

Poor little fellow! he had no idea  
Of his own ease, and never hit the true one :

In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,  
He puzzled over what he found a new one,

But not as yet imagined it could be a  
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,  
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

## LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,  
His home deserted for the lonely wood,  
Tormented with a wound he could not know,  
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude :  
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,  
But then I beg it may be understood,  
By solitude I mean a sultan's, not  
A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

## LXXXVIII.

" Oh Love ! in such a wilderness as this,  
" Where transport and security entwine,  
" Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
" And here thou art a god indeed divine."  
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss(5),  
With the exception of the second line,  
For that same twining "transport and security"  
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

## LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals  
To the good sense and senses of mankind,  
The very thing which every body feels,  
As all have found on trial, or may find,  
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals  
Or love.—I won't say more about "entwined"  
Or "transport," as we knew all that before,  
But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

## XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks  
Thinking unutterable things ; he threw  
Himself at length within the leafy nooks  
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew ;  
There poets find materials for their books,  
And every now and then we read them through,  
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,  
Unless, like Wordsworth, they proved unintelligible.

## XCI.

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth) so pursued  
His self-communion with his own high soul,  
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,  
Had mitigated part, though not the whole  
Of its disease ; he did the best he could  
With things not very subject to control,  
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,  
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

## XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,  
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,  
And how the deuce they ever could have birth ;  
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,  
How many miles the moon might have in girth,  
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars  
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies ;  
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

## XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern  
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,  
Which some are born with, but the most part learn  
To plague themselves withal, they know not why:  
'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern  
His brain about the action of the sky;  
If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,  
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

## XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,  
And heard a voice in all the winds; and then  
He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers,  
And how the goddesses came down to men:  
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,  
And when he look'd upon his watch again,  
He found how much old Time had been a winner—  
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

## XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,  
Boscan, or Garcilasso;—by the wind  
Even as the page is rustled while we look.  
So by the poesy of his own mind  
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,  
As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind  
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,  
According to some good old woman's tale.



## XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away  
Dissatisfied, not knowing what he wanted;  
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,  
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,  
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,  
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,  
With——several other things, which I forget,  
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

## XCVII.

Those lonely walks; and lengthening reveries,  
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;  
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;  
But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,  
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease  
Her only son with question or surmise:  
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,  
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

## XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common  
For instance---gentlemen, whose ladies take  
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,  
And break the---Which commandment is't they break?  
(I have forgot the number, and think no man  
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)  
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,  
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

## XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,  
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,  
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,  
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace  
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious ;  
The last indeed 's infallibly the case :  
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,  
He wonders at their vice, but not his folly.

## C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted ;  
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,  
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,  
Young hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,  
Till some confounded escapade has blighted  
The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;  
And then the mother cries, the father swears,  
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

## CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear  
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,  
She had some other motive much more near  
For leaving Juan to this new temptation ;  
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here ;  
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,  
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,  
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

## CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—

Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,  
And so is spring about the end of May;

The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;  
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,

And stand convicted of more truth than treason,  
That there are months which nature grows more merry in;  
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

## CIII.

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June:—

I like to be particular in dates,  
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;  
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates  
Change horses, making history change its tune,  
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,  
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,  
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

## CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour

Of half-past six---perhaps still nearer seven,  
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower

As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven  
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,

To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,  
With all the trophies of triumphant song—  
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

## CV.

She sate, but not alone ; I know not well  
How this same interview had taken place,  
And even if I knew, I should not tell—  
People should hold their tongues in any case ;  
No matter how or why the thing befell,  
But there were she and Juan, face to face—  
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,  
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

## CVI.

How beautiful she look'd ! her conscious heart  
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.  
Oh Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,  
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,  
How self-deceitful is the sagest part  
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along—  
The precipice she stood on was immense,  
So was her creed in her own innocence.

## CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,  
And of the folly of all prudish fears,  
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,  
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :  
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,  
Because that number rarely much endears,  
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,  
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

## CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"  
They mean to scold, and very often do ;  
When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"  
They make you dread that they'll recite them too ;  
In gangs of *fifty* thieves commit their crimes ;  
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,  
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,  
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis.

## CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love,  
For Don Alfonso ; and she inly swore,  
By all the vows below to powers above,  
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,  
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove ;  
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,  
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,  
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own ;

## CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,  
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;  
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother,  
She seem'd by the distraction of her air.  
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother  
To leave together this imprudent pair,  
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—  
I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

## CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees

Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,  
As if it said "detain me, if you please;"

Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp  
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;

She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,  
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse  
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

## CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,

But what he did, is much what you would do;  
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,

And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew  
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,

Love is so very timid when 'tis new:  
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,  
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

## CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:

The devil's in the moon for mischief; they  
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon

Their nomenclature; there is not a day,  
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,

Sees half the business in a wicked way  
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—  
And then she looks so modest all the while.

## CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;  
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor, which is not repose.

## CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced  
And half retiring from the glowing arm,  
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas placed ;  
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,  
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist ;  
But then the situation had its charm,  
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on ;  
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

## CXVI.

Oh Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,  
With your confounded fantasies, to more  
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway  
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core  
Of human hearts, that all the long array  
Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,  
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,  
At best, no better than a go-between.

## CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,  
Until too late for useful conversation ;  
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,  
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion,  
But who, alas ! can love, and then be wise ?  
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,  
A little still she strove, and much repented,  
And whispering " I will ne'er consent"—consented.

## CXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward  
To those who could invent him a new pleasure ;  
Methinks, the requisition's rather hard,  
And must have cost his majesty a treasure :  
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,  
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure) ;  
I care not for new pleasures, as the old  
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

## CXIV.

Oh Pleasure ! you're indeed a pleasant thing,  
Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt ;  
I make a resolution every spring  
Of reformation, ere the year run out,  
But, somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing.  
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout :  
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,  
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.



## CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—

Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be nice hence-  
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;

This liberty is a poetic licence,  
Which some irregularity may make

In the design, and as I have a high sense  
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit  
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

## CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will

Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,  
Without whose epoch my poetic skill

For want of facts would all be thrown away),  
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still

In sight, that several months have pass'd; we'll say  
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure  
About the day—the era's more obscure.

## CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'Tis sweet to hear

At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,

By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;

'Tis sweet to listen as the nightwinds creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

## CXXIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

## CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth  
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

## CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
The unexpected death of some old lady  
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already  
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,  
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

## CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels  
By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end  
To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,  
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels :  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

## CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;  
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd--all's known--  
And life yields nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

## CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use  
Of his own nature, and the various arts,  
And likes particularly to produce  
Some new experiment to show his parts ;  
This is the age of oddities let loose,  
Where different talents find their different marts ;  
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your  
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

## CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen !

(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)

One makes new noses, one a guillotine,

One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets ;

But vaccination certainly has been

A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,

\* \* \* \* \*

## CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes ;

And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,

But has not answer'd like the apparatus

Of the Humane Society's beginning,

By which men are unsuffocated gratis :

What wondrous new machines have late been spinning !

\* \* \* \* \*

## CXXXI.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CXXXII.

This is the patent-age of new inventions  
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,  
All propagated with the best intentions ;  
Sir Humphrey Davy's lantern, by which coals  
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,  
Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,  
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,  
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

## CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,  
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;  
'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that  
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure ;  
Few mortals know what end they would be at,  
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,  
The path is through perplexing ways, and when  
The goal is gain'd we die, you know—and then ——

## CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—  
And so good night.—Return we to our story:  
'Twas in November, when fine days are few,  
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,  
And clap a white cape on their mantles blue ;  
And the sea dashes round the promontory,  
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,  
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

## CXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;  
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud  
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright  
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;  
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,  
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:  
I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,  
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

## CXXXVI.

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,  
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door  
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,  
If they had never been awake before,  
And that they have been so we all have read,  
And are to be so, at the least, once more—  
The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist  
First knocks were heard, then “Madam—Madam—hist!

## CXXXVII.

“For God's sake, Madam---Madam---here's my master,  
“With more than half the city at his back---  
“Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!  
“'Tis not my fault---I kept good watch---Alack!  
“Do, pray undo the bolt a little faster---  
“They're on the stair just now, and in a crack  
“Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly---  
“Surely the window's not so *very* high!”

## CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,  
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;  
The major part of them had long been wived,  
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber  
Of any wicked woman, who contrived  
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:  
Examples of this kind are so contagious,  
Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be outrageous.

## CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion  
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;  
But for a cavalier of his condition  
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,  
Without a word of previous admonition,  
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,  
And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,  
To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

## CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,  
(Mind---that I do not say—she had not slept)  
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;  
Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,  
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,  
As if she had just now from out them crept:  
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble  
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

## CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,  
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who  
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,  
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,  
And therefore side by side were gently laid,  
Until the hours of absence should run through,  
And truant husband should return and say,  
“My dear, I was the first who came away.”

## CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,  
“In heaven’s name, Don Alfonso, what d’ye mean?  
“Has madness seized you? would that I had died  
“Ere such a monster’s victim I had been!  
“What may this midnight violence betide,  
“A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?  
“Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?  
“Search, then, the room?”---Alfonso said, “I will.”

## CXLIH.

*He* search’d, *they* search’d, and rummaged every where,  
Closet and clothes-press, chest and window-seat,  
And found much linen, lace, and several pair  
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,  
With other articles of ladies fair,  
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:  
Arras they prick’d and curtains with their swords,  
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.



## CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found---

No matter what---it was not that they sought;  
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground  
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought;  
And then they stared each others' faces round:  
'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,  
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,  
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

## CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue  
Was not asleep---"Yes, search and search," she cried,  
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!  
"It was for this that I became a bride!  
"For this in silence I have suffer'd long  
"A husband like Alfonso at my side;  
"But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,  
"If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

## CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,  
"If ever you indeed deserved the name,  
"Is 't worthy of your years?—you have threescore,  
"Fifty, or sixty,—it is all the same—  
"Is 't wise or fitting causeless to explore  
"For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?  
"Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,  
"How dare you think your lady would go on so?

## CXLVII.

“ Is it for this I have disdain’d to hold  
    “ The common privileges of my sex?  
“ That I have chosen a confessor so old  
    “ And deaf, that any other it would vex,  
“ And never once he has had cause to scold,  
    “ But found my very innocence perplex  
“ So much, he always doubted I was married—  
“ How sorry you will be when I’ve miscarried!

## CXLVIII.

“ Was it for this that no Cortejo ere  
    “ I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?  
“ Is it for this I scarce went any where,  
    “ Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?  
“ Is it for this, whate’er my suitors were,  
    “ I favour’d none—nay, was almost uncivil?  
“ Is it for this that General Count O’Reilly,  
“ Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely? (6)

## CXLIX.

“ Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani  
    “ Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?  
“ Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,  
    “ Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?  
“ Were there not also Russians, English, many?  
    “ The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,  
“ And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,  
“ Who kill’d himself for love (with wine) last year.

## CL.

“ Have I not had two bishops at my feet,  
“ The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,  
“ And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?  
“ I wonder in what quarter now the moon is :  
“ I praise your vast forbearance not to beat  
“ Me also, since the time so opportune is—  
“ Oh, valiant man ! with sword drawn and cock’d trigger,  
“ Now, tell me, don’t you cut a pretty figure?

## CLI.

“ Was it for this you took your sudden journey,  
“ Under pretence of business indispensable  
“ With that sublime of rascals your attorney,  
“ Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible  
“ Of having play’d the fool? though both I spurn, he  
“ Deserves the worst, his conduct’s less defensible,  
“ Because, no doubt, ’twas for his dirty fee,  
“ And not from any love to you nor me.

## CLII.

“ If he comes here to take a deposition,  
“ By all means let the gentleman proceed ;  
“ You’ve made the apartment in a fit condition:—  
“ There’s pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—  
“ Let every thing be noted with precision,  
“ I would not you for nothing should be fee’d—  
“ But, as my maid’s undrest, pray turn your spies out.”  
“ Oh !” sobb’d Antonia, “ I could tear their eyes out.”

## CLIII.

- “ There is the closet, there the toilet, there  
“ The ante-chamber—search them under, over ;  
“ There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,  
“ The chimney—which would really hold a lover.  
“ I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care  
“ And make no further noise, till you discover  
“ The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—  
“ And when ’tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

## CLIV.

- “ And now, Hidalgo ! now that you have thrown  
“ Doubt upon me, confusion over all,  
“ Pray have the courtesy to make it known,  
“ *Who* is the man you search for ? how d’ye call  
“ Him ? what’s his lineage ? let him but be shown—  
“ I hope he’s young and handsome—is he tall ?  
“ Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain  
“ My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

## CLV.

- “ At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,  
“ At that age he would be too old for slaughter,  
“ Or for so young a husband’s jealous fears—  
“ (Antonia ! let me have a glass of water.)  
“ I am ashamed of having shed these tears,  
“ They are unworthy of my father’s daughter ;  
“ My mother dream’d not in my natal hour  
“ That I should fall into a monster’s power.

## CLVI.

“ Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous,  
“ You saw that she was sleeping by my side  
“ When you broke in upon us with your fellows :  
“ Look where you please---we’ve nothing, sir, to hide ;  
“ Only another time, I trust you’ll tell us,  
“ Or for the sake of decency abide  
“ A moment at the door, that we may be  
“ Drest to receive so much good company.

## CLVII.

“ And now, sir, I have done, and say no more ;  
“ The little I have said may serve to show  
“ The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er  
“ The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow :---  
“ I leave you to your conscience as before,  
“ ’Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so ?  
“ God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief !  
“ Antonia ! where’s my pocket-handkerchief ?”

## CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn’d upon her pillow ; pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil,  
Waved and o’ershading her wan cheek, appears  
Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,  
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears  
Its snow through all ;—her soft lips lie apart,  
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

## CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused ;  
    Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,  
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused  
    Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom  
Not one, except the attorney, was amused ;  
    He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,  
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,  
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

## CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,  
    Following Antonia's motions here and there,  
With much suspicion in his attitude:  
    For reputations he had little care;  
So that a suit or action were made good,  
    Small pity had he for the young and fair,  
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these,  
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

## CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,  
    And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;  
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,  
    And treating a young wife with so much rigour,  
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes  
    Added to those his lady with such vigour  
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,  
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

## CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,  
To which the sole reply were tears, and sobs,  
And indications of hysterics, whose  
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,  
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose :—  
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's ;  
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,  
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

## CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,  
But sage Antonia cut him short before  
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,  
With " Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,  
" Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd " D—n her."  
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er ;  
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,  
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

## CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"  
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door,  
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as  
Antonia let him—not a little sore  
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"  
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore  
An awkward look ; as he revolved the case,  
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

## CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!

Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!

How can you do such things and keep your fame,

Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind?

Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!

But to proceed—for there is more behind:

With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,

Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

## CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say

How, nor can I indeed describe the where—

Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,

No doubt, in little compass, round or square;

But pity him I neither must nor may

His suffocation by that pretty pair;

'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut

With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

## CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because

He had no business to commit a sin,

Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,

At least 'twas rather early to begin;

But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws

So much as when we call our old debts in

At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,

And find a deuced balance with the devil.



## CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion :

'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,  
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,  
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,  
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,  
And that the medicine answer'd very well ;  
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,  
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

## CLXIX.

What's to be done ? Alfonso will be back

The moment he has sent his fools away ;  
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,  
But no device could be brought into play—  
And how to parry the renew'd attack ;  
Besides it wanted but few hours of day ;  
Antonia puzzled : Julia did not speak,  
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

## CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand

Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair ;  
Even then their love they could not all command,  
And half forgot their danger and despair :  
Antonia's patience now was at a stand--

" Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,"  
She whisper'd in great wrath--" I must deposit  
" This pretty gentleman within the closet :

## CLXXI.

“ Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night---

“ *Who* can have put my master in this mood?

“ What will become on’t?---I’m in such a fright,

“ The devil’s in the urchin, and no good---

“ Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?

“ Why, don’t you know that it may end in blood?

“ You’ll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,

“ My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

## CLXXII.

“ Had it but been for a stout cavalier

“ Of twenty-five or thirty---(Come, make haste)

“ But for a child, what piece of work is here!

“ (I really, madam, wonder at your taste---

“ Come, sir, get in)---my master must be near,

“ There, for the present, at the least he’s fast,

“ And, if we can but till the morning keep

“ Our counsel---(Juan, mind, you must not sleep.)”

## CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,

Closed the oration of the trusty maid:

She loiter’d, and he told her to be gone,

An order somewhat sullenly obey’d;

However, present remedy was none,

And no great good seem’d answer’d if she staid:

Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,

She snuff’d the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

## CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun  
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding ;  
He would not justify what he had done,  
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding ;  
But there were ample reasons for it, none  
Of which he specified in this his pleading :  
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole*."

## CLXXV.

Julia said nought ; though all the while there rose  
A ready answer, which at once enables  
A matron, who her husband's foible knows,  
By a few timely words to turn the tables,  
Which if it does not silence still must pose,  
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables ;  
'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he  
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

## CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,  
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known :  
But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds,  
But that can't be, as has been often shown,  
A lady with apologies abounds ;  
It might be that her silence sprang alone  
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,  
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

## CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two,  
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,  
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who  
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,  
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,  
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;  
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,  
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

## CLXXVIII.

A hint in tender cases is enough;  
Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*  
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,  
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)  
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,  
A lady always distant from the fact—  
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,  
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

## CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I  
Have always done so; 'tis of no great use,  
In any case, attempting a reply,  
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;  
And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,  
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose  
A tear or two, and then we make it up;  
And then---and then---and then---sit down and sup.

## CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,  
Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,  
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,  
Denying several little things he wanted :  
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,  
With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,  
Beseeching she no further would refuse,  
When lo ! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

## CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes !---what then ? not much, if they  
Are such as fit with lady's feet, but these  
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)  
Were masculine ; to see them, and to seize,  
Was but a moment's act.---Ah ! Well-a-day !  
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze---  
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,  
And then flew out into another passion.

## CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,  
And Julia instant to the closet flew.  
“ Fly, Juan, fly ! for heaven's sake---not a word---  
“ The door is open---you may yet slip through  
“ The passage you so often have explored---  
“ Here is the garden-key---Fly---fly---Adieu !  
“ Haste---haste !---I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet---  
“ Day has not broke---there's no one in the street.”

## CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,  
The only mischief was, it came too late;  
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,  
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate :  
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,  
And might have done so by the garden-gate,  
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,  
Who threaten'd death---so Juan knock'd him down.

## CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light,  
Antonia cried out " Rape !" and Julia " Fire !"  
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.  
Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,  
Swore lustily he 'd be revenged this night ;  
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher,  
His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,  
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

## CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,  
And they continued battling hand to hand,  
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it ;  
His temper not being under great command,  
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,  
Alfonso's days had not been in the land  
Much longer---Think of husbands', lovers' lives!  
And how ye may be doubly widows---wives!

## CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,  
And Juan throttled him to get away,  
And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow ;  
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,  
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,  
And then his only garment quite gave way ;  
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it ; but there,  
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

## CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found  
An awkward spectacle their eyes before ;  
Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,  
Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door ;  
Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,  
Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more :  
Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,  
And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

## CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.---Need I sing, or say,  
How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,  
Who favours what she should not, found his way,  
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?  
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,  
The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,  
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,  
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

---

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,  
The depositions, and the cause at full,  
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings  
Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,  
There's more than one edition, and the readings  
Are various, but they none of them are dull,  
The best is that in shorthand ta'en by Gurney,  
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

## CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train  
Of one of the most circulating scandals  
That had for centuries been known in Spain,  
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,  
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)  
To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles ;  
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,  
She sent her son to be shipp'd off for Cadiz.

## CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through  
All European climes, by land or sea,  
To mend his former morals, and get new  
Especially in France and Italy,  
(At least this is the thing most people do.)  
Julia was sent into a convent ; she  
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better  
Shown in the following copy of her letter :



## CXCII.

“ They tell me ’tis decided ; you depart :  
“ ’Tis wise---’tis well, but not the less a pain ;  
“ I have no further claim on your young heart,  
“ Mine is the victim, and would be again ;  
“ To love too much has been the only art  
“ I used ;---I write in haste, and if a stain  
“ Be on this sheet, ’tis not what it appears ;  
“ My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

## CXCIII.

“ I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
“ State, stations, heaven, mankind’s, my own esteem,  
“ And yet can not regret what it hath cost,  
“ So dear is still the memory of that dream ;  
“ Yet if I name my guilt, ’tis not to boast,  
“ None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :  
“ I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest---  
“ I’ve nothing to reproach, or to request.

## CXCIV.

“ Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,  
“ ’Tis woman’s whole existence ; man may range  
“ The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,  
“ Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,  
“ Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
“ And few there are whom these can not estrange ;  
“ Men have all these resources, we but one  
“ To love again, and be again undone.

## CXCIV.

“ You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
“ Beloved and loving many; all is o’er  
“ For me on earth, except some years to hide  
“ My shame and sorrow deep in my heart’s core;  
“ These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
“ The passion which still rages as before,  
“ And so farewell---forgive me, love me.---No,  
“ That word is idle now---but let it go.

## CXCVI.

“ My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;  
“ But still I think I can collect my mind;  
“ My blood still rushes where my spirit’s set,  
“ As roll the waves before the settled wind;  
“ My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
“ To all, except one image, madly blind;  
“ So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
“ As vibrates my fond heart to my fix’d soul.

## CXCVII.

“ I have no more to say, but linger still,  
“ And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,  
“ And yet I may as well the task fulfil,  
“ My misery can scarce be more complete  
“ I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;  
“ Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,  
“ And I must even survive this last adieu,  
“ And bear with life, to love and pray for you !”

## CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper  
With a neat little crow quill, slight and new ;  
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,  
It trembled as magnetic needles do,  
And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;  
The seal a sunflower, “ *Elle vous suit partout,*”  
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian ;  
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

## CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but whether  
I shall proceed with his adventures is  
Dependent on the public altogether ;  
We'll see however, what they say to this ;  
Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,  
And no great mischief's done by their caprice ;  
And if their approbation we experience,  
Perhaps they 'll have some more about a year hence.

## CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be  
Divided in twelve books ; each book containing,  
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,  
A list of ships, and captains and kings reigning,  
New characters ; the episodes are three :  
A panorama view of hell's in training,  
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,  
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

## CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,  
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,  
The *vade mecum* of the true sublime,  
Which makes so many poets, and some fools;  
Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,  
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;  
I've got new mythological machinery,  
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

## CCII.

There's only one slight difference between  
Me and my epic brethren gone before,  
And here the advantage is my own, I ween;  
(Not that I have not several merits more,  
But this will more peculiarly be seen)  
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore,  
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,  
Whereas this story's actually true.

## CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal  
To history, tradition, and to facts,  
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,  
To plays in five, and operas in three acts:  
All these confirm my statement a good deal,  
But that which more completely faith exacts  
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,  
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

## CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,  
I'll write poetical commandments, which  
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those  
That went before; in these I shall enrich  
My text with many things that no one knows,  
And carry precept to the highest pitch :  
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,  
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

## CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;  
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :  
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,  
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :  
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor  
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

## CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,  
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;  
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues,"  
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this);  
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose :  
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—  
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,  
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

## CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert  
This story is not moral, first, I pray,  
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,  
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,  
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)  
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;  
Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show  
The very place where wicked people go.

## CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind  
To their own good this warning to despise,  
Led by some tortuosity of mind,  
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,  
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"  
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;  
Should captains the remark or critics make,  
They also lie too---under a mistake.

## CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,  
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,  
Which I with their amusement will connect,  
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);  
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect  
My epical pretensions to the laurel:  
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review---the British.

## CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the editor,  
Who thank'd me duly by return of post---  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;  
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say is---that he had the money.

## CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance  
I may ensure the public and defy  
All other magazines of art or science,  
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly, I  
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,  
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,  
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly  
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

## CCXII.

“ *Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventâ*  
“ *Consule Planco,*” Horace said, and so  
Say I ; by which quotation there is meant a  
Hint that some six or seven good years ago  
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)  
I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing  
In my hot youth---when George the Third was King.

## CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—

(I wonder what it will be like at forty?

I thought of a peruke the other day)

My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I  
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort; I  
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,  
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

## CCXIV.

No more---no more—Oh! never more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
Which out of all the lovely things we see

Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:

Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?  
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power  
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

## CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!  
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,

Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:  
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art  
Insensible, I trust, but none the worst,  
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,  
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.



## CCXVI.

My days of love are over, me no more(7)

The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow  
Can make the fool of which they made before,

In short I must not lead the life I did do;  
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,

The copious use of claret is forbid too,  
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with avarice.

## CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken

Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;  
And the two last have left me many a token

O'er which reflection may be made as leisure :  
Now like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,

"Time is, Time was, Time's past," a chymic treasure  
Is glittering youth which I have spent betimes---  
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

## CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper:

Some liken it to climbing up a hill,

Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;  
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,

And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"  
To have, when the original is dust,  
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

## CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's king  
Cheops erected the first pyramid  
And largest, thinking it was just the thing  
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;  
But somebody or other rummaging,  
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid :  
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

## CCXX.

But I being fond of true philosophy,  
Say very often to myself, " Alas !  
" All things that have been born were born to die,  
" And flesh (which death mows down to hay) is grass ;  
" You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,  
" And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—  
" So thank your stars that matters are no worse,  
" And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

## CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader ! and  
Still gentler purchaser ! the bard—that's I—  
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,  
And so your humble servant, and good bye !  
We meet again, if we should understand  
Each other ; and if not, I shall not try  
Your patience further than by this short sample—  
'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

---

CCXXII.

“ Go, little book, from this my solitude!

“ I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways!

“ And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,

“ The world will find thee after many days.”

When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,

I can't help putting in my claim to praise—

The four first rhymes are Southey's every line :

For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.



## NOTES TO CANTO I.

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Note 1, page 2, stanza v.

*Brave men were living before Agamemnon.*

“ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.” &c.—HORACE.

Note 2, page 6, stanza xvii.

*Save thine “ incomparable Oil,” Macassar !*

“ Description des *vertus incomparables* de l’huile de Macassar.”

—See the Advertisement.

Note 3, page 15, stanza xlii.

*Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn*

*Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample.*

See Longinus, Section 10, “ ἵνα μὴ ἔν τι περὶ αὐτῆς πάθος φά-  
νηται παθῶν δὲ σύνοδος.”

Note 4, page 15, stanza xliv.

*They only add them all in an appendix.*

Fact. There is, or was, such an addition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Note 5, page 30, stanza lxxxviii.

*The bard I quote from does not sing amiss.*

Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, (I think) the opening of Canto. II.; but quote from memory.

Note 6, page 50, stanza cxlviii.

*Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,*

*Who took Algiers, declares I used him riley?*

Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers---but Algiers very nearly took him : he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city in the year 17---

Note 7, page 73, stanza ccxvi.

*My days of love are over, me no more*

Me nec femina; nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,

Nec certare juvat mero ?

Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

# D O N J U A N.

## CANTO II.





# DON JUAN.

---

## CANTO II.

---

### I.

OH ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,

Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,

I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,

It mends their morals, never mind the pain :

The best of mothers and of educations

In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,

Since in a way, that's rather of the oddest, he

Became divested of his native modesty.

### II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,

In the third form, or even in the fourth,

His daily task had kept his fancy cool,

At least, had he been nurtured in the north ;

Spain may prove an exception to the rule,

But then exceptions always prove its worth —

A lad of sixteen causing a divorce

Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

## III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,  
If all things be consider'd: first, there was  
His lady-mother, mathematical,  
A —— never mind; his tutor, an old ass;  
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,  
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass);  
A husband rather old, not much in unity  
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

## IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,  
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,  
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,  
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;  
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,  
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,  
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

## V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—  
A pretty town, I recollect it well—  
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,  
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel)  
And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,  
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;  
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,  
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

## VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,  
No—none of these will do;---and then their garb!  
Their veil and petticoat---Alas! to dwell  
Upon such things would very near absorb  
A canto---then their feet and ankles---well,  
Thank heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,  
And so, my sober Muse---come, let's be steady---

## VII.

Chaste Muse!---well, if you must, you must) the veil  
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,  
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,  
Flashes into the heart.---All sunny land  
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail  
To——say my prayers---but never was there plann'd  
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,  
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

## VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent  
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;  
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,  
But why!---we leave the reader in the dark---  
'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,  
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,  
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,  
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

## IX.

DON Juan bade his valet pack his things  
According to direction, then received  
A lecture and some money: for four springs  
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved,  
(As every kind of parting has its stings)  
She hoped he would improve---perhaps believed:  
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)  
Of good advice-- and two or three of credit.

## X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,  
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school  
For naughty children, who would rather play  
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;  
Infants of three years old were taught that day,  
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:  
The great success of Juan's education  
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

## XI.

Juan embark'd---the ship got under way,  
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;  
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,  
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;  
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray  
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:  
And there he stood to take, and take again,  
His first---perhaps his last---farewell of Spain.

## XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight  
To see one's native land receding through  
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,  
Especially when life is rather new:  
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,  
But almost every other country's blue,  
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,  
We enter on our nautical existence.

## XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:  
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,  
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,  
From which away so fair and fast they bore.  
The best of remedies is a beef-steak  
Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before  
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,  
For I have found it answer---so may you.

## XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,  
Beheld his native Spain receding far:  
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,  
Even nations feel this when they go to war;  
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,  
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:  
At leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

## XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,  
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,  
So that he had much better cause to grieve  
Than many persons more advanced in life ;  
And if we now and then a sigh must heave  
At quitting even those we quit in strife,  
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears---  
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

## XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews  
By Babel's waters still remembering Sion :  
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,  
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on ;  
Young men should travel, if but to amuse  
Themselves ; and the next time their servants tie on ;  
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,  
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

## XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,  
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,  
“ Sweets to the sweet ;” (I like so much to quote ;  
You must excuse this extract, 'tis where she  
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought  
Flowers to the grave) ; and, sobbing often, he  
Reflected on his present situation,  
And seriously resolved on reformation.

## XVIII.

“ Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell !” he cried,  
“ Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,  
“ But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,  
“ Of its own thirst to see again thy shore :  
“ Farewell, where Guadalquivir’s waters glide!  
“ Farewell, my mother ! and, since all is o’er,  
“ Farewell, too dearest Julia !---(here he drew  
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

## XIX.

“ And oh ! if e’er I should forget, I swear---  
“ But that’s impossible, and cannot be---  
“ Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,  
“ Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,  
“ Than I resign thine image, Oh ! my fair !  
“ Or think of any thing excepting thee ;  
“ A mind diseased no remedy can physic—  
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

## XX.

“ Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)  
“ Oh, Julia ! what is every other woe ?—  
“ (For God’s sake let me have a glass of liquor,  
“ Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)  
“ Julia, my love !—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—  
“ Oh Julia !—(this curst vessel pitches so)—  
“ Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching !”  
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

## XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,  
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,  
Beyond the best apothecary's art,  
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,  
Or death of those we dote on, when a part  
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends :  
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,  
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

## XXII.

Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold  
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,  
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,  
And find a quinsy very hard to treat ;  
Against all noble maladies he's bold,  
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,  
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,  
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

## XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain  
About the lower region of the bowels ;  
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,  
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,  
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,  
Sea-sickness death : his love was perfect, how else  
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,  
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before



## XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidad,"  
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;  
For there the Spanish family Moneada  
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:  
They were relations, and for them he had a  
Letter of introduction, which the morn  
Of his departure had been sent him by  
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

## XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and  
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,  
Who several languages did understand,  
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,  
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,  
His headache being increased by every billow;  
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made  
His birth a little damp, and him afraid.

## XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind  
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;  
And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,  
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,  
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:  
At sunset they began to take in sail,  
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,  
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

## XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift  
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,  
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,  
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the  
Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift  
Herself from out her present jeopardy  
The rudder tore away : 'twas time to sound  
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

## XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put  
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set  
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,  
But they could not come at the leak as yet ;  
At last they did get at it really, but  
Still their salvation was an even bet :  
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,  
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

## XXIX.

Into the opening ; but all such ingredients  
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,  
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,  
But for the pumps : I'm glad to make them known  
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,  
For fifty tons of water were upthrown  
By them per hour, and they had all been undone  
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

## XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,  
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,  
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use.  
The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late  
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,  
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—  
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

## XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset ;  
The water left the hold and wash'd the decks,  
And made a scene men do not soon forget ;  
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,  
Or any other thing that brings regret,  
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks :  
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers  
And swimmers who may chance to be survivors.

## XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,  
Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went,  
The mainmast follow'd : but the ship still lay  
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.  
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they  
Eased her at last (although we never meant  
To part with all till every hope was blighted),  
And then with violence the old ship righted.

## XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this  
Was going on some people were unquiet,  
That passengers would find it much amiss  
To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet;  
That even the able seaman, deeming his  
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,  
As upon such occasions tars will ask  
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

## XXXIV.

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms  
As rum and true religion; thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms  
The high wind made the treble, and as bass  
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms  
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick maws:  
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

## XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for  
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,  
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before  
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,  
As if Death were more dreadful by his door  
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,  
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,  
Though it would be becoming to die drunk.

## XXXVI.

“ Give us more grog,” they cried, “ for it will be  
“ All one an hour hence.” Juan answer’d, “ No !  
“ ’Tis true that death awaits both you and me,  
“ But let us die like men, not sink below  
“ Like brutes:”—and thus his dangerous post kept he,  
And none liked to anticipate the blow ;  
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,  
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

## XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,  
And made a loud and pious lamentation ;  
Repented all his sins, and made a last  
Irrevocable vow of reformation ;  
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)  
To quit his academic occupation,  
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,  
To follow Juan’s wake like Sancho Panca.

## XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more ;  
Day broke, and the wind lull’d: the masts were gone,  
The leak increased ; shoals round her, but no shore,  
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.  
They tried the pumps again, and though before  
Their desperate efforts seem’d all useless grown,  
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—  
The stronger pump’d, the weaker thrumm’d a sail.

## XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,  
And for the moment it had some effect ;  
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?  
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,  
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd :  
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,  
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

## XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,  
Without their will, they carried them away ;  
For they were forced with steering to dispense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even commence  
A jurymast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

## XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,  
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope  
To weather out much longer ; the distress  
Was also great with which they had to cope  
For want of water, and their solid mess  
Was scant enough : in vain the telescope  
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,  
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night

## XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew  
Agale, and in the fore and after hold  
Water appear'd ; yet, though the people knew  
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,  
Until the chains and leathers were worn through  
Of all our pumps :—a wreck complete she roll'd,  
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are  
Like human beings during the civil war.

## XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears  
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he  
Could do no more : he was a man in years,  
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,  
And if he wept at length, they were not fears  
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,  
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,  
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

## XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now  
Fast by the head : and, all distinction gone,  
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow  
Of candles to their saints—but there were none  
To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;  
Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one  
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

## XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on  
Their best clothes as if going to a fair ;  
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling tore their hair ;  
And others went on as they had begun,  
Getting the boats out, being well aware  
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

## XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,  
Having been several days in great distress,  
Twas difficult to get out such provision  
As now might render their long suffering less :  
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;  
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :  
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,  
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

## XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow  
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet :  
Water, a twenty gallon cask or so ;  
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get  
A portion of their beef up from below,  
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,  
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—  
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.



## XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had  
    Been stove in the beginning of the gale;  
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,  
    As there were but two blankets for a sail,  
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad  
    Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;  
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,  
To save one half the people then on board.

## XLIX.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
    Over the waste of waters : like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
    Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail,  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shewn  
    And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
And the dim desclate deep: twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

## L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
    With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,  
    If any laughter at such times could be,  
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,  
    And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
Half epileptical, and half hysterical.—  
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

## LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,  
And all things, for a chance had been cast loose,  
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,  
For yet they strove, although of no great use :  
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,  
The boats put off o'er crowded with their crews ;  
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

## LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

## LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean like a crash  
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

## LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,  
And in them crowded several of the crew;  
And yet their present hope was hardly more  
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew  
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;  
And then there were too many, though so few—  
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

## LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls  
Had left their bodies; and, what's worse, alas!  
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,  
They must wait several weeks before a mass  
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,  
Because, till people know what's come to pass,  
They won't lay out their money on the dead—  
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

## LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there  
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;  
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,  
For Juan wore the magisterial face  
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair  
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:  
Battista, though, (a name called shortly Tita)  
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

## LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,

But the same cause, conducive to his loss,  
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave

As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,  
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave ;

They could not rescue him although so close,  
Because the sea ran higher every minute,  
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

## LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don José's,

His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,  
For on such things the memory reposes

With tenderness,—stood howling on the brink,  
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses !)

No doubt, the vessel was about to sink ;  
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd  
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

## LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could

About his person, and Pedrillo's too,  
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,

Not knowing what himself to say, or do,  
As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;

But Juan, trusting they might still get through,  
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,  
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

## LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,  
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,  
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,  
They dared not take it in for all the breeze;  
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,  
And made them bale without a moment's ease,  
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,  
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

## LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still  
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,  
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill  
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:  
hough every wave roll'd menacing to fill,  
And present peril all before surpass'd,  
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,  
And also for the biscuit casks and butter.

## LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign  
Of the continuance of the gale: to run  
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,  
Was all that for the present could be done.  
A few tea-spoonsful of their rum and wine  
Were served out to the people, who begun  
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,  
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

## LXI.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;  
They did their best to modify their case,  
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,  
While t'other half were laid down in their place,  
At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian  
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,  
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

## LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life  
Prolongs it ; this is obvious to physicians,  
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,  
Survive through very desperate conditions,  
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife  
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :  
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,  
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

## LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities  
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,  
Unless to plague the grantors,---yet so true it is,  
That some, I really think, *do* never die ;  
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,  
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply :  
In my young days they lent me cash that way,  
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

## LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,  
They live upon the love of life, and bear  
More than can be believed, or even thought,  
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;  
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,  
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;  
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,  
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

## LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,  
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;  
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,  
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey,  
Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,  
Your labouring people think beyond all question,  
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

## LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;  
For on the third day there came on a calm,  
And though at first their strength it might renew,  
And lying on their weariness like balm,  
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue  
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,  
And fell all ravenously on their provision,  
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

## LXIX.

The consequence was easily forseen---

They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,  
In spite of all remonstrances, and then

On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?  
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !

And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,  
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,  
It would have been more wise to save their victual,

## LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,

And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :  
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,

The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—  
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)

What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild :  
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

## LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,

And Juan, who had still refused, because  
The creature was his father's dog that died,

Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
With some remorse received (though first denied)

As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.



## LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun  
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
They lay like carcasses ; and hope was none,  
Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely  
They glared upon each other—all was done,  
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see  
The longings of the cannibal arise  
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

## LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound,  
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,  
'Twas but his own, suppress'd; till now, he found :  
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

## LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared  
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;  
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,  
And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;  
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,  
But of materials that much shock the Muse—  
Having no paper, for the want of better,  
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

## LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,  
In silent horror, and their distribution  
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,  
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution ;  
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,  
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

## LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :  
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled  
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,  
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.  
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,  
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,  
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,  
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

## LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,  
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;  
But being thirstiest at the moment, he  
Preferr'd a draught from the fast flowing veins :  
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,  
And such things as the entrails and the brains  
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—  
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

## LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,  
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;  
To these was added Juan, who, before  
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could  
Feel now his appetite increased much more;  
'Twas not to be expected that he should,  
Even in extremity of their disaster,  
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

## LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,  
The consequence was awful in the extreme;  
For they who were most ravenous in the act,  
Went raging mad---Lord! how they did blaspheme!  
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,  
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,  
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,  
And, with hyæna laughter, died despairing.

## LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,  
And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows;  
And some of them had lost their recollection,  
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;  
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,  
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those  
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,  
For having used their appetites so sadly.

## LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,  
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,  
Besides being much averse from such a fate,  
There were some other reasons; the first was,  
He had been rather indisposed of late,  
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause  
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,  
By general subscription of the ladies.

## LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,  
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,  
And others still their appetites constrain'd,  
Or but at times a little supper made;  
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,  
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:  
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddie,  
And then they left off eating the dead body.

## LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,  
Remember Ugolino condescends  
To eat the head of his arch-enemy  
The moment after he politely ends  
His tale; if foes be food in hell, at sea  
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,  
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,  
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

## LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth  
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,  
Men really know not what good water's worth;  
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,  
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

## LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer  
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

## LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;  
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,  
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd;  
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back  
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
To taste of heaven—if this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early ; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done !  
"I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

## LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

## LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,  
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

## XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
And gave no signs of life, save his limbs quivering.

## XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through  
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,  
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;  
And all within its arch appear'd to be  
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue  
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,  
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then  
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

## XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,  
The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,  
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
And blending every colour into one,  
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,  
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle.)

## XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—  
It is as well to think so, now and then;  
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,  
And may become of great advantage when  
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men  
Had greater need to nerve themselves again  
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—  
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

## XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size  
And plumage, (probably it might have err'd  
Upon its course) pass'd oft before their eyes,  
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard  
The men within the boat, and in this guise  
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till  
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

## XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,  
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,  
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark  
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;  
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,  
Returning there from her successful search,  
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,  
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.



## XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were about;  
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"  
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—  
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,  
And all mistook about the latter once.

## XCVII.

As morning broke the light wind died away,  
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,  
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray  
He wish'd that land he never might see more;  
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,  
Or thought they saw; and shaped their course for shore;  
For shore it was, and gradually grew  
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

## XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,  
And others, looking with a stupid stare,  
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,  
And seem'd as if they had no further care;  
While a few pray'd — (the first time for some years) —  
And at the bottom of the boat three were  
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,  
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead

## XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,

They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,  
And by good fortune gliding softly, caught her,  
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind  
Proved even still a more nutritious matter.

Because it left encouragement behind:  
They thought that in such perils, more than chance  
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

## C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,

And higher grew the mountains as they drew,  
Set by a current, toward it; they were lost

In various conjectures, for none knew  
To what part of the earth they had been tost,  
So changeable had been the winds that blew;  
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands  
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

## CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,

Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,  
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:

Their living freight was now reduced to four,  
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail  
To heave into the deep with those before,  
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd  
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

## CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst and heat, had done  
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to  
Such things a mother had not known her son  
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;  
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one  
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,  
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

## CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen  
Unequal in its aspect here and there,  
They felt the freshness of its growing green,  
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,  
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen  
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—  
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep  
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

## CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves ; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:  
A reef between them also now began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her.

## CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,  
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;  
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,  
Had often turn'd the art to some account :  
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,  
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

## CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,  
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply  
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,  
The beach which lay before him, high and dry :  
The greatest danger here was from a shark,  
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;  
As for the other two they could not swim,  
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

## CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd  
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,  
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd  
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore  
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;  
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he  
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea :

## CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung  
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,  
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave;  
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,  
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

## CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those  
Who long had been his mates upon the sea,  
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,  
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,  
Who died two days before, and now had found  
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

## CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,  
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand  
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd;  
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand  
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),  
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,  
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

## CXI.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay

He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,  
And Time had nothing more of night nor day

For his congealing blood, and senses dim ;  
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away

He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,  
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,  
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

## CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,

For all was doubt and dizziness ; methought  
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,

And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,  
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,

And then once more his feelings back were brought,  
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
A lovely female face of seventeen.

## CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth

Seem'd almost prying into his for breath ;  
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth

Recall'd his answering spirits back from death ;  
And bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe

Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

## CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung  
Around his scarce-clad limbs ; and the fair arm  
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;  
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,  
Pillow'd his death-like forehead ; then she wrung  
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm ;  
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew,  
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

## CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one  
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,  
And more robust of figure,—then begun  
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave  
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun  
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er  
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

## CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd  
In braids behind, and though her stature were  
Even of the highest for a female mould,  
They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air  
There was a something which bespoke command,  
As one who was a lady in the land.

## CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction, for when to the view  
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;  
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

## CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye  
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
Fit for the model of a statuary,  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

## CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just  
One should not rail without a decent cause:  
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
A frequent model, and if e'er she must  
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,  
They will destroy a face which mortal thought  
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.



## CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,  
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;

For, as you know, the Spanish women banish  
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave  
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)  
The basquina and the mantilla, they  
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

## CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case :

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;  
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,  
But through them gold and gems profusely shone ;  
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone  
Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shocking,  
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

## CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,

But of inferior materials ; she  
Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
Her hair had silver only, bound to be  
Her dowry ; and her veil, in form alike,

Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less free ;  
Her hair was thicker, but less long, her eyes  
Ts black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

## CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both  
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,  
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,  
And have ten thousand delicate inventions;  
They made a most superior mess of broth,  
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,  
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's  
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

## CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,  
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise:  
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air  
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;  
And so, in short, the girls they really were  
They shall appear before your curious eyes,  
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter  
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

## CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,  
And still a sort of fisherman was he;  
But other speculations were, in sooth,  
Added to his connexion with the sea  
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:  
A little smuggling, and some piracy,  
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters  
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

## CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he—though of men,  
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd  
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,  
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;  
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain  
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd  
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,  
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

## CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built  
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)  
A very handsome house from out his guilt,  
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;  
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,  
A sad old fellow was he, if you please,  
But this I know, it was a spacious building,  
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

## CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidee,  
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;  
Besides, so very beautiful was she,  
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:  
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree  
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles  
Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
How to accept a better in his turn.

## CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below  
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,  
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—  
Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;  
But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,  
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,  
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,  
A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

## CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house  
Was not exactly the best way to save,  
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,  
Or people in a trance into their grave;  
Because the good old man had so much "*vous*,"  
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,  
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,  
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

## CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best  
(A virgin always on her maid relies)  
To place him in the cave for present rest:  
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,  
Their charity increased about their guest;  
And their compassion grew to such a size,  
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—  
(St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given.)

## CXXXII.

They made a fire, but such a fire as they  
Upon the moment could contrive with such  
Materials as were cast up round the bay,  
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch  
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay  
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;  
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,  
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

## CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,  
For Haidee stripp'd her sables off to make  
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,  
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,  
They also gave a petticoat apiece,  
She and her maid, and promised by day-break  
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish  
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

## CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:  
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,  
Who sleep at last, perhaps, (God only knows)  
Just for the present; and in his lull'd head  
Not even a vision of his former woes  
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread  
Unwelcome visions of our former years,  
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

## CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless :—but the maid,  
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den  
Look'd back upon him, and a moment staid,  
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again,  
He slumber'd ; yet she thought, at least she said,  
(The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen)  
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot  
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

## CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,  
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who  
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,  
She being wiser by a year or two :  
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,  
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,  
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge  
Which is acquired in nature's good old college.

## CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still  
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon  
His rest ; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,  
And the young beams of the excluded sun,  
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill ;  
And need he had of slumber yet, for none  
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative  
To those related in my grand-dad's Narrative.

## CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidee ; she sadly toss'd and tumbled,  
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,  
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,  
And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore ;  
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,  
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore  
In several oaths---Armenian, Turk, and Greek,--  
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

## CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,  
With some pretence about the sun, that makes  
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set ;  
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks  
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet  
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,  
And night is flung off like a mourning suit  
Worn for a husband, or some other brute.

## CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,  
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late  
I have sat up on purpose all the night,  
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate ;  
And so all ye who would be in the right  
In health and purse, begin your day to date  
From day-dreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,  
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

## CXLI.

And Haidee met the morning face to face ;  
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush  
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race  
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,  
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,  
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,  
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread ;  
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red,

## CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,  
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister ; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

## CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw  
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;  
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe,  
(For sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept  
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,  
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death  
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.



## CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd ; and there  
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,  
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:  
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,  
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair  
Must breakfast, and betimes---lest they should ask it,  
She drew out her provision from the basket.

## CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,  
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be ;  
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,  
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;  
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;  
I can't say that she gave them any tea,  
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,  
With Scio wine,---and all for love, not money.

## CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and  
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan ;  
But Haidee stopp'd her with her quick small hand.  
And without word, a sign her finger drew on  
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;  
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,  
Because her mistress would not let her break  
That sleep which seem'd as it would n'er awake.

## CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek  
A purple hectic play'd like dying day  
On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak  
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,  
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak ;  
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,  
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,  
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

## CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath  
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,  
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,  
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;  
In short, he was a very pretty fellow  
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

## CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,  
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade  
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain  
Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;  
For woman's face was never form'd in vain  
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd  
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,  
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

## CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,  
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek  
The pale contended with the purple rose,  
As with an effort she began to speak;  
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,  
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,  
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,  
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

## CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,  
And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;  
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
Without knowing why---an overpowering tone,  
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

## CLII

And Juan gazed as one who is awake  
By a distant organ, doubting if he be  
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke  
By the watchman, or some such reality,  
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;  
At least it is a heavy sound to me,  
Who like a morning slumber---for the night  
Shows stars and women in a better light.

## CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,  
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling  
A most prodigious appetite ; the steam  
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing  
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam  
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,  
To stir her viands, made him quite awake  
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

## CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;  
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton ;  
And when a holiday upon them smiles,  
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :  
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,  
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on,  
Others are fair and fertile, among which  
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

## CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking  
That the old fable of the Minotaur—  
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,  
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore  
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking  
The allegory) a mere type, no more,  
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,  
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

## CLVI.

For we all know that English people are  
Fed upon beef---I wont say much of beer,  
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far  
From this my subject, has no business here;  
We know, too, they are very fond of war,  
A pleasure---like all pleasures---rather dear;  
So were the Cretans---from which I infer  
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

## CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised  
His head upon his elbow, and he saw  
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,  
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,  
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,  
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,  
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like  
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

## CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,  
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed  
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see  
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:  
But Zoe, being older than Haidee,  
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)  
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,  
And fed by spoonsful, else they always burst.

## CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,

Rather by deeds than words, because the case  
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate

Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace  
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,

Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—  
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,  
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

## CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd

Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,  
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,

And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,  
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,

Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—  
They furnish'd him, entire except some stitches,  
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

## CLXI.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking,

But not a word could Juan comprehend,  
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in

Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;  
And, as he interrupted not, went eking

Her speech out to her protégé and friend,  
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,  
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

## CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,  
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,  
And read (the only book she could) the lines  
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,  
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines  
And darts in one quick glance a long reply ;  
And thus in every look she saw exprest  
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

## CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,  
And words repeated after her, he took  
A lesson in her tongue ; but by surmise,  
No doubt, less of her language than her look :  
As he who studies fervently the skies  
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,  
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better  
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

## CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young,  
As was the case, at least, where I have been :  
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
They smile still more, and then there intervene  
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss ; —  
I learn'd the little that I know by this :

## CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,  
Italian not at all, having no teachers;  
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,  
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,  
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week  
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers  
Of eloquence in piety and prose—  
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

## CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,  
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,  
Where I, like other “dogs, have had my day,”  
Like other men too, may have had my passion—  
But that, like other things, has pass’d away,  
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on  
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me  
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

## CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun  
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but  
Some feelings universal as the sun,  
Were such as could not in his breast be shut  
More than within the bosom of a nun:  
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt  
With a young benefactress—so was she,  
Just in the way we very often see.



## CLXVIII.

And every day by day-break—rather early  
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—  
She came into the cave, but it was merely  
To see her bird reposing in his nest ;  
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,  
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,  
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,  
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

## CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,  
And every day help'd on his convalescence ;  
'Twas well, because health in the human frame  
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,  
For health and idleness to passion's flame  
Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good lessons  
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,  
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

## CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really  
Love, though good always, is not quite so good)  
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—  
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—  
While Bacchus pours out wine or hands a jelly :  
Eggs, oysters too, are amatory food ;  
But who is their purveyor from above  
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

## CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,  
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes  
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,  
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;  
But I have spoken of all this already—  
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—  
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,  
Came always back to coffee and Haidee.

## CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,  
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan seem'd  
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,  
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,  
A something to be loved, a creature meant  
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
To render happy ; all who joy would win  
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

## CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such  
Enlargement of existence to partake  
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,  
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake :  
To live with him for ever were too much ;  
But then the thought of parting made her quake :  
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast  
Like a rich wreck - her first love, and her last.

## CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidee  
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took  
Such plentiful precautions, that still he  
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;  
At last her father's prows put out to sea,  
For certain merchantmen upon the look,  
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,  
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

## CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,  
So that, her father being at sea, she was  
Free as a married woman, or such other  
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,  
Without even the incumbrance of a brother,  
The freest she that ever gazed on glass :  
I speak of christian lands in this comparison,  
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

## CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk  
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say  
So much as to propose to take a walk,—  
For little had he wander'd since the day  
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,  
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—  
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,  
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

## CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,  
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,  
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore  
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;  
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,  
Save on the dead long summer days, which make  
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake..

## CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach  
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,  
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,  
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!  
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach  
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,  
Let us have wine and woman, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda water the day after.

## CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;  
The best of life is but intoxication:  
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk;  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;  
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk  
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:  
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when  
You wake with head-ache, you shall see what then.

## CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know  
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king :  
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,  
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,  
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,  
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,  
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

## CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—  
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,  
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,  
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
And dolphin's leap, and little billows crost  
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret  
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

## CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,  
As I have said upon an expedition ;  
And mother, brother, guardian she had none,  
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision  
She waited on her lady with the sun,  
Thought daily service was her only mission,  
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,  
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

## CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour just when the rounded  
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,  
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,  
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,  
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded  
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill  
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,  
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

## CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,  
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,  
And in the worn and wild receptacles  
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,  
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,  
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

## CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;  
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other—and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

## CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
Into one focus, kindled from above;  
Such kisses as belong to early days,  
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,  
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

## CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured  
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;  
And if they had, they could not have secured  
The sum of their sensations to a second:  
They had not spoken: but they felt allured,  
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,  
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—  
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

## CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they  
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;  
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,  
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,  
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay  
Around them, made them to each other press,  
As if there were no other life beneath the sky  
Save theirs, and that their life could never die,

## CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
They felt no terrors from the night, they were  
All in all to each other; though their speech  
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—  
And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

## CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,  
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard  
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,  
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;  
She was all which pure ignorance allows,  
And flew to her young mate like a young bird:  
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she  
Had not one word to say of constancy.

## CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,  
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—  
But by degrees their senses were restored,  
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;  
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidee's heart  
Felt as if never more to beat apart.



## CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,  
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour  
Was that in which the hearts is always full,  
And, having o'er itself no further power,  
Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul,  
But pays off moments in an endless shower  
Of hell-fire--all prepared for people giving  
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

## CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidee! they were  
So loving and so lovely--till then never;  
Excepting our first parents, such a pair  
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;  
And Haidee, being devout as well as fair,  
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,  
And hell and purgatory—but forgot  
Just in the very crisis she should not.

## CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes  
Gleam in the moonlight, and her white arm clasps  
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies  
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;  
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,  
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;  
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,  
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

## CXCIV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,  
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,  
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms ;  
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,  
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,  
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants  
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

## CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping  
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

## CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,  
All that it hath of life with us is living ;  
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,  
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving ;  
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,  
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving ;  
There lies the thing we love with all its errors  
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

## CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,  
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power ;  
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,  
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

## CXCIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

## CC.

They are right! for man, to man so oft unjust,  
Is always so to women ; one sole bond  
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust ;  
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond  
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond ?  
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,  
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

## CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,  
Some mind their household, others dissipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;  
Few changes e'er can, better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:  
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

## CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this;  
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen; what was said or done  
Elsewhere was nothing—she had nought to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

## CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!  
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchymy, and to repeat  
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job  
To make us understand each good old maxim,  
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

## CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted  
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed  
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:  
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,  
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,  
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:  
And they were happy, for to their young eyes  
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

## CCV.

Oh Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,  
Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave  
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—  
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)  
Oh Love! thou art the very god of evil,  
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

## CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,  
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:  
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen;  
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,  
Such worthies Time will never see again;  
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,  
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

## CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers ; there 's Epicurus  
And Aristippus, a material crew !  
Who to immoral courses would allure us  
By theories quite practicable too ;  
If only from the devil they would insure us,  
How pleasant were the maxim, (not quite new)  
“ Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us ? ”  
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

## CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?  
And should he have forgotten her so soon ?  
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a  
Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the moon  
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a  
Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,  
Else how the devil is it that fresh features  
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

## CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,  
Abhor, condemn, abjure, the mortal made  
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast  
No permanent foundation can be laid ;  
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,  
And yet last night being at a masquerade,  
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,  
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

## CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,  
And whisper'd "think of every sacred tie!"  
"I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,  
"But then her teeth, and then, Oh heaven! her eye!  
"I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,  
"Or neither—out of curiosity."  
"Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,  
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian.)

## CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopp'd.---But to return: that which  
Men call inconstancy is nothing more  
Than admiration due where nature's rich  
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er  
Some favour'd object; and as in the niche  
A lovely statue we almost adore,  
This sort of adoration of the real  
Is but a heightening of the "beau idéal."

## CCXII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,  
A fine extension of the faculties  
Platonic, universal, wonderful.  
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies,  
Without which life would be extremely dull;  
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,  
With one or two small senses added, just  
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

## CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,  
For surely if we always could perceive  
In the same object graces quite as killing  
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,  
'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling,  
(For we must get them any how, or grieve,)  
Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever.  
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver.

## CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,  
But changes night and day too, like the sky;  
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,  
And darkness and destruction as on high:  
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and riven,  
Its storms expire in water drops; the eye  
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,  
Which makes the English climate of our years.

## CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,  
But very rarely executes its function,  
For the first passion stays there such a while,  
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,  
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,  
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,  
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail.  
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."



## CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more

In this anatomy, I've finish'd now

Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,

That being about the number I'll allow

Each canto of the twelve or twenty-four;

And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,

Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead

For them and theirs with all who deign to read.



# **D O N J U A N.**

## **CANTO III.**



# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO III.

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### I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping,  
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,  
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,  
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest  
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,  
Or know who rested there; a foe to rest  
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,  
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears.

### II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why  
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,  
And place them on their breast—but place to die—  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

## III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,  
In all the others all she loves is love,  
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,  
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,  
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:  
One man alone at first her heart can move;  
She then prefers him in the plural number,  
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

## IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;  
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted—  
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)---  
After a decent time must be gallanted;  
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs  
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;  
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*  
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.

## V.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can combine,  
Although they both are born in the same clime;  
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine---  
A sad, sour, sober beverage---by time  
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour  
Down to a very homely household savour.

## VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,  
Between their present and their future state;  
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair  
Is used until the truth arrives too late---  
Yet what can people do, except despair?  
The same things change their names at such a rate;  
For instance---passion in a lover's glorious,  
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

## VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;  
They sometimes also get a little tired,  
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:  
The same things cannot always be admired,  
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"  
That both are tied till one shall have expired.  
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning  
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

## VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings,  
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;  
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,  
But only give a bust of marriages:  
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,  
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:  
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?

## IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,  
All comedies are ended by a marriage;  
The future states of both are left to faith,  
For authors fear description might disparage  
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,  
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;  
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,  
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

## X.

The only two that in my recollection  
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are  
Dante and Milton, and of both the affection  
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar  
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion  
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar);  
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve  
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

## XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology  
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,  
Although my opinion may require apology,  
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,  
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he  
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;  
I think that Dante's more abstruce ecstasies  
Meant to personify the mathematics.



## XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but  
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,  
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put  
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;  
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut  
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,  
Before the consequences grow too awful;  
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

## XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illieit  
Indulgence of their innocent desires;  
But more imprudent grown with every visit,  
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's;  
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to miss it,  
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;  
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,  
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

## XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,  
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,  
For into a prime minister but echange  
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;  
But he, more modest, took an humbler range  
Of life, and in an honester vocation  
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,  
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

## XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd  
By winds and waves, and some important captures ;  
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,  
Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,  
By swamping one of the prizes ; he had chain'd  
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters  
In number'd lots ; they all had cuffs and collars,  
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

## XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan ,  
Among his friends the Mainots ; some he sold  
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man  
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old) ;  
The rest—save here and there some richer one,  
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,  
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he  
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

## XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,  
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,  
Except some certain portions of the prey,  
Light classic articles of female want,  
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot tray,  
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,  
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,  
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

## XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,  
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,  
He chose from several animals he saw—  
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,  
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,  
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance;  
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,  
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

## XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,  
Despatching single cruisers here and there,  
His vessel having need of some repairs,  
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair  
Continued still her hospitable cares;  
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,  
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile;  
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

## XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,  
Having no custom-house or quarantine  
To ask him awkward questions on the way  
About the time and place where he had been:  
He left his ship to be hove down next day,  
With orders to the people to careen;  
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,  
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

## XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill

Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,  
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill

Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!  
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—

With love for many, and with fears for some;  
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,  
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

## XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,

After long travelling by land or water,  
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—

A female family's a serious matter;  
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—

But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)  
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,  
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

## XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return

May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;  
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,

Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;  
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn

To his memory, and two or three young misses  
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches  
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.

## XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair  
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;  
But all the better, for the happy pair  
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,  
He may resume his amatory care  
As cavalier servente, or despise her;  
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,  
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

## XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already  
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean  
An honest friendship with a married lady—  
The only thing of this sort ever seen  
To last—of all connexions the most steady,  
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a screen)—  
Yet for all that keep not too long away,  
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a-day.

## XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had  
Much less experience of dry land than ocean,  
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;  
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion  
Of the true reason of his not being sad,  
Or that of any other strong emotion;  
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,  
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

## XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,  
His garden trees all shadowy and green ;  
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,  
The distant dog-bark : and perceived between  
The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun  
The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen  
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes  
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

## XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,  
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,  
He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,  
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling !  
A melody which made him doubt his ears,  
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling ;  
A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,  
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

## XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,  
Descending rather quickly the declivity,  
Through the waved branches, o'er the greensward  
glancing,  
'Midst other indications of festivity,  
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing  
Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he  
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,  
To which the Levantines are very partial.

## XXX.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,  
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,  
Were strung together like a row of pearls;  
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing: each too having  
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls---  
(The least of which would set ten poets raving);  
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,  
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

## XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,  
Small social parties just begun to dine;  
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,  
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,  
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

## XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,  
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers;  
While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,  
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers  
His sober head, majestically tame,  
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers  
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then  
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

## XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,  
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,  
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,  
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,  
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,  
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks ;  
So that the philosophical beholder  
Sigh'd for their sakes---that they should e'er grow older.

## XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales  
To a sedate gray circle of old smokers  
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,  
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,  
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,  
Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,  
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,  
Transform'd their lords to beasts, (but that's a fact).

## XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion  
For the imagination or the senses,  
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,  
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is ;  
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,  
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,  
Dreading that climax of all human ills,  
The inflammation of his weekly bills.



## XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ  
The happiest mortals even after dinner---  
A day of gold from out an age of iron  
Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;  
Pleasure (when'er she sings, at least) 's a siren,  
That lures to flay alive the young beginner;  
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet  
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

## XXXVII.

He---being a man who seldom used a word  
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise  
(In general he surprised men with the sword)  
His daughter---had not sent before to advise  
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;  
And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,  
In fact much more astonish'd than delighted,  
To find so much good company invited.

## XXXVIII.

He did not know---(Alas! how men will lie)  
That a report (especially the Greeks)  
Avouch'd his death (such people never die),  
And put his house in mourning several weeks,  
But now their eyes and also lips were dry;  
The bloom too had return'd to Haidée's cheeks.  
Her tears too being return'd into their fount,  
She now kept house upon her own account.

## XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,  
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;  
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,  
A life which made them happy beyond measure.  
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,  
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;  
'Twas wonderful how things went on improving,  
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.

## XL.

Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast  
He flew into a passion, and in fact  
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;  
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,  
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,  
To teach his people to be more exact,  
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,  
He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

## XLI.

You're wrong.---He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;  
With such true breeding of a gentleman,  
You never could divine his real thought;  
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can  
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;  
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,  
He was so great a loss to good society.

## XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,  
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,  
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,  
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,  
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;  
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd  
His question, much too merry to divine  
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

## XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,  
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,  
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,  
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."  
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,  
"You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."  
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!--pooh!--  
"You mean our master—not the old but new."

## XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom  
They thus address'd---and Lambro's visage fell---  
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom  
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell  
The expression, and endeavouring to resume  
His smile, requested one of them to tell  
The name and quality of his new patron,  
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron.

## XLV.

“ I know not,” quoth the fellow, “ who or what  
“ He is, nor whence he came---and little care;  
“ But this I know, that this roast capon’s fat,  
“ And that good wine ne’er wash’d down better fare;  
“ And if you are not satisfied with that,  
“ Direct your questions to my neighbour there;  
“ He’ll answer all for better or for worse,  
“ For none likes more to hear himself converse.”(1)

## XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,  
And certainly he show’d the best of breeding,  
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,  
E’er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;  
He bore these sneers against his near relations,  
His own anxiety, his heart too bleeding,  
The insults too of every servile glutton,  
Who all the time were eating up his mutton.

## XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command---  
To bid men come, and go, and come again---  
To see his orders done too out of hand---  
Whether the word was death, or but the chain---  
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;  
Yet such things are, which I can not explain,  
Though doubtless he who can command himself  
Is good to govern---almost as a Guelf.

## XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,  
But never in his real and serious mood ;  
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,  
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood ;  
With him it never was a word and blow,  
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,  
But in his silence there was much to rue,  
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

## XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded  
On to the house, but by a private way,  
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,  
So little they expected him that day ;  
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded  
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,  
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,  
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

## L.

If all the dead could now return to life,  
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many ;  
For instance, if a husband or his wife  
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),  
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,  
The present weather would be much more rainy---  
Tears shed into the grave of the connexion  
Would share most probably its resurrection.

## LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,  
A thing to human feelings the most trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome,  
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying ;  
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,  
And round its once warm precincts palely lying  
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,  
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

## LII.

He enter'd in the house---his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home;---and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome ; *there* he long had dwelt,  
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,  
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt  
Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

## LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,  
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,  
Moderate in all his habits, and content  
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,  
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant  
For something better, if not wholly good ;  
His country's wrongs and his despair to save her  
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

## LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,  
The hardness by long habitude produced,  
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,  
The mercy he had granted oft abused,  
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,  
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruised,  
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,  
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

## LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece  
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,  
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece  
His predecessors in the Colchian days;  
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—  
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:  
Hate to the world and war with every nation  
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

## LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime  
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd  
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—  
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,  
A love of music and of scenes sublime,  
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd  
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,  
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

## LVII.

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed

On that beloved daughter ; she had been  
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed

Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen ;  
A lonely pure affection unopposed :

There wanted but the loss of this to wean  
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,  
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blindness.

## LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging

Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;

The ocean when its yeasty war is waging

Is awful to the vessel near the rock ;  
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,

Their fury being spent by its own shock,  
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

## LIX.

It is a hard although a common case

To find our children running restive—they  
In whom our brightest days we would retrace.

Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,  
Just as old age is creeping on apace,

And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,  
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,  
But in good company—the gout and stone.



## LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing  
    (Provided they don't come in after dinner);  
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring  
    Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her):  
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling  
    To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).  
A lady with her daughters or her nieces  
Shine like a guinea and seven shilling-pieces.

## LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,  
    And stood within his hall at eventide;  
Meantime the lady and her lover sate  
    At wassail in their beauty and their pride:  
An ivory inlaid table spread with state  
    Before them, and fair slaves on every side;  
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,  
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

## LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;  
    Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,  
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes  
    Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,  
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;  
    The beverage was various sherbets  
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,  
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

## LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,  
And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the repast,  
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,  
In small fine China cups, came in at last ;  
Gold cups of filigree made to secure  
The hand from burning underneath them placed,  
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd  
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

## LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made  
Of velvet pannels, each of different hue,  
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid ;  
And round them ran a yellow border too ;  
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,  
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,  
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,  
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

## LXV.

These oriental writings on the wall,  
Quite common in those countries, are a kind  
Of monitors adapted to recall,  
Like skulls at Memphian banuquets, to the mind  
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,  
And took his kingdom from him : You will find,  
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,  
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

## LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,  
A genius who has drunk himself to death,  
A rake turn'd methodistic or eclectic—  
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath)—  
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,  
Are things that really take away the breath,  
And show that late hours, wine, and love are able  
To do not much less damage than the table.

## LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet  
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue ;  
Their sofa occupied three parts complete  
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new ;  
The velvet cushions—(for a throne more meet)---  
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew  
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

## LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
Had done their work of splendour ; Indian mats  
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,  
Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,  
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain  
Their bread as ministers and favourites---(that's  
To say, by degradation)---mingled there  
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

## LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
The tables, most of ebony inlaid  
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,  
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,  
Fretted with gold or silver:---by command  
The greater part of these were ready spread  
With viands and sherbets in ice---and wine---  
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

## LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:  
She wore two jelicks- -one was of pale yellow;  
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise---  
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;  
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as pease,  
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,  
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

## LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,  
Lockless---so pliable from the pure gold  
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,  
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;  
So beautiful---its very shape would charm,  
And clinging as if loth to lose its hold,  
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in. (2)

## LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,

A like gold bar above her instep roll'd (3)

Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;

Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold  
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band

Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told  
Her orange silk full Turkish trowsers furl'd  
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

## LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel

Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal

Her person (4) if allow'd at large to run,  
And still they seem resentfully to feel

The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began  
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

## LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,

The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife

With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife---

Too pure even for the purest human ties;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

## LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged  
    (It is the country's custom), but in vain ;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,  
    The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged :  
    Her nails were touch'd with henna ; but again  
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.

## LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
    The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;  
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break  
    On mountain tops more heavenly white than her :  
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
    She was so like a vision ; I might err,  
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly  
    " To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

## LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,  
    But a white baracan, and so transparent  
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,  
    Like small stars through the milky way apparent ;  
His turban, furl'd in many a graceful fold,  
    An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in't  
Surmounted as its clasp---a glowing crescent,  
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

## LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,  
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,  
Which made their new establishment complete ;  
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it :  
His verses rarely wanted their due feet---  
And for his theme---he seldom sung below it,  
He being paid to satirise or flatter,  
As the psalm says, “ inditing a good matter.”

## LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,  
Reversing the good custom of old days,  
An eastern anti-jacobin at last  
He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise---  
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast  
By his seeming independent in his lays,  
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha  
With truth like Southey and with verse like Crashaw.

## LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,  
And always changed as true as any needle ;  
His polar star being one which rather ranges,  
And not the fix'd---he knew the way to wheedle :  
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges :  
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),  
He lied with such a fervour of intention---  
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

## LXXXI.

But he had genius,---when a turncoat has it  
The “ Vates irritabilis” takes care  
That without notice few full moons shall pass it ;  
Even good men like to make the public stare :---  
But to my subject---let me see---what was it ?  
Oh !---the third canto---and the pretty pair---  
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode  
Of living in their insular abode.

## LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less  
In company a very pleasant fellow,  
Had been the favourite of full many a mess  
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow ;  
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,  
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow  
The glorious meed of popular applause,  
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

## LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,  
And having pick'd up several odds and ends  
Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,  
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,  
That without any danger of a riot, he  
Might for long lying make himself amends ;  
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,  
Agree to a short armistice with truth.



## LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,  
And knew the self-loves of the different nations :  
And having lived with people of all ranks,  
Had something ready upon most occasions---  
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.  
He varied with some skill his adulations ;  
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece  
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

## LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,  
He gave the different nations something national ,  
'Twas all the same to him---"God save the king,"  
Or "*Ca ira*," according to the fashion all ;  
His muse made increment of any thing,  
From the high lyrical to the low rational :  
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder  
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar ?

## LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson ;  
In England a six canto quarto tale ;  
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on  
The last war---much the same in Portugal ;  
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on  
Would be old Goethe's---(see what says de Staël) ;  
In Italy, he'd ape the "Trecentisti ;"  
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye :

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,---  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is, set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon---  
And Marathon looks on the sea ,  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;  
For standing on the Persian's grave ;  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations ;---all were his !  
He counted them at break of day---  
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now---  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush---for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush?---Our father's bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;---the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one arise,---we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine :  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells :  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells ;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

## LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,  
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse ;  
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,  
Yet in these times he might have done much worse :  
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong ;  
And feeling, in a poet, is the source  
Of others' feeling : but they are such liars,  
And take all colours—like the hand of dyers,

## LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think ;  
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses  
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link  
Of ages ; to what straits old Time reduces  
Frail man, when paper---even a rag like this,  
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

## LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,  
His station, generation, even his nation,  
Become a thing or nothing, save to rank  
In chronological commemoration,  
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,  
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station  
In digging the foundation of a closet,  
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

## XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile ;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind---  
Depending more upon the historian's style  
Than on the name a person leaves behind :  
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle ;  
The present century was growing blind  
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,  
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

## XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets---so we say ;  
A little heavy, but no less divine :  
An independent being in his day---  
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine ;  
But his life falling into Johnson's way,  
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine  
Was whipt at college---a harsh sire---odd spouse,  
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

## XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,  
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes ;  
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts ;  
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes) ;  
Like Cromwell's pranks ;---but although truth exacts  
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,  
As most essential to their hero's story,  
They do not much contribute to his glory.

## XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when  
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"  
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then  
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;  
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen  
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;  
When he and Southey, following the same path,  
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

## XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,  
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;  
Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,  
Are good manure for their more bare biography.  
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger  
Than any since the birth day of typography;  
A clumsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"  
Writ in a manner which is my aversion

## XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke  
Between his own and others' intellect;  
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like  
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,  
Are things which in this country don't strike  
The public mind, so few are the elect;  
And the new births of both their stale virginities  
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.



## XCVI.

But let me to my story : I must own,  
If I have any fault, it is digression ;  
Leaving my people to proceed alone,  
While I soliloquize beyond expression ;  
But these are my addresses from the throne,  
Which put off business to the ensuing session :  
Forgetting each omission is a loss to  
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

## XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"  
(We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*  
In that complete perfection which ensures  
An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)  
Form not the true temptation which allures  
The reader ; but 'twould not be hard to bring  
Some fine examples of the *épopée*,  
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

## XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes sleeps ;  
We feel without him ; Wordsworth sometimes wakes,  
To show with what complacency he creeps,  
With his dear "*Waggoners*" around his lakes ;  
He wishes for "a boat," to sail the deeps—  
Of ocean? No, of air ; and then he makes  
Another outcry for "a little boat,"  
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

## XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the etherial plain,  
And Pegasus runs restive in his "waggon,"  
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?  
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?  
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,  
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,  
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,  
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

## C.

"Pedlars," and "boats," and "waggon!" Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?  
That trash of such sort not alone evades  
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades  
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—  
The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"  
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

## CI.

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;  
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired;—  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

## CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

## CIII.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—  
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—  
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

## CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased so say,

In nameless print—that I have no devotion;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,

And you shall see who has the properest notion  
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

## CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,  
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

## CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
Were the sole echos, save my steed's and mine'  
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;  
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,  
Which learn'd from this example not to fly  
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

## CVII.

(5) Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

## CVIII.

(6) Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

## CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,  
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,  
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb: (7)  
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void  
Of feeling for some kindness done when power  
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

## CX.

But I'm digressing: what on earth has Nero,  
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,  
To do with the transaction of my hero,  
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?  
Sure my invention must be down at zero,  
And I grown one of many “wooden spoons”  
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please  
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

## CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—

'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down  
in copying) this long canto into two ;

They'll never find it out, unless I own  
The fact, excepting some experienced few ;

And then as an improvement 'twill be shown :  
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is  
From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

## NOTES TO CANTO III.

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Note 1, page 172, stanza xlv.

*For none likes more to hear herself converse.*

Rispono allor' Margatte, a dir tel tosto,  
Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzurro ;  
Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli arrosto,  
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro ;  
Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,  
E molto piu nell' espro che il mangurro ;  
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,  
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede.

PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore*, Canto 18, Stanza 151.

Note 2, page 180, stanza lxxi.

*That e'er by precious metal was held in.*

This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

Note 3, page 181, stanza lxxii.

*A like gold bar above her instep roll'd.*

The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank

in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

Note 4, page 181, stanza lxxiii.

*Her person if allow'd at large to run.*

This is no exaggeration ; there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion ; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair ; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

Note 5, page 196, stanza cvii.

*Oh Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things---*

Εσπερε παντα φερεις  
Φερεις οινον φερεις αιγα  
Φερεις ματερι παιδα,

*Fragment of Sappho.*

Note 6, page 197, stanza cviii.

*Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart.*

“ Era gia l' ora che volge 'l disio,  
“ A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore ;  
“ Lo di ch' han detto a' dolci amici a dio ;  
“ E che lo nuovo peregrin' d' amore  
“ Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,  
“ Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.”

DANTE'S *Purgatory*, Canto VIII.



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This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.

Note 7, page 197, stanza cix.

*Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb.*

See Suetonius for this fact.



# DON JUAN.

## CANTO IV.



# D O N J U A N.

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## CANTO IV.

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### I.

NO THING so difficult as a beginning  
In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;  
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning  
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,  
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning ;  
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,  
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,  
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

### II.

BUT Time, which brings all beings to their level,  
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last  
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,  
That neither of their intellects are vast :  
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,  
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast ;  
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,  
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

## III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,  
And wish'd that others held the same opinion,  
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,  
And other minds acknowledged my dominion :  
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow  
" Leaf," and imagination droops her pinion,  
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk  
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

## IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep ; and if I weep,  
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring  
Itself to apathy, which we must steep  
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring  
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep :  
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx ;  
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

## V.

Some have accused me of a strange design  
Against the creed and morals of the land,  
And trace it in this poem every line :  
I don't pretend that I quite understand  
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine ;  
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,  
Unless it was to be a moment merry,  
A novel word in my vocabulary.

## VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime

    This way of writing will appear exotic ;

Pulei was sire of the half-serious rhyme,

    Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,  
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,

    True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic ;  
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

## VII.

How I have treated it I do not know :

    Perhaps no better than they have treated me  
Who have imputed such designs as show

    Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see ;  
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,

    This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free :  
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,  
And tells me to resume my story here.

## VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left

    To their own hearts' most sweet society ;  
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft

    With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms ; he  
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft

    Though foe to love ; and yet they could not be  
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,  
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

## IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their  
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;  
The blank gray was not made to blast their hair,  
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail  
They were all summer: lightning might assail  
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail  
A long and snake-like life of dull decay  
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

## X.

They were alone once more; for them to be  
Thus was another Eden; they were never  
Weary, unless when separate: the tree  
Cut from its forest root of years—the river  
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee  
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,  
Would wither less than these two torn apart;  
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

## XI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!  
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,  
The precious porcelain of human clay,  
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold  
The long year link'd with heavy day on day  
And all which must be borne, and never told;  
While life's strange principle will often lie  
Deepest in those who long the most to die.



## XII.

“Whom the gods love die young” was said of yore, (1)  
And many deaths do they escape by this :  
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore  
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss  
The old archer’s shafts, perhaps the early grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

## XIII.

Haid e and Juan thought not of the dead.  
The heavens and earth, and air, seem’d made for them :  
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled ;  
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn :  
Each was the other’s mirror, and but read  
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,  
And knew such brightness was but the reflection  
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

## XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
The least glance better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne’er could say too much ;  
A language, too, but like to that of birds,  
Known but to them, at least appearing such  
As but to lovers a true sense affords ;  
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd  
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne’er heard :

## XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,  
And children still they should have ever been ;  
They were not made in the real world to fill  
A busy character in the dull scene,  
But like two beings born from out a rill,  
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen  
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,  
And never know the weight of human hours.

## XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found  
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys  
As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;  
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,  
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound  
By the mere senses ; and that which destroys  
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd  
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

## XVII.

Oh beautiful ! and rare as beautiful !  
But theirs was love in which the mind delights  
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,  
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,  
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,  
Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,  
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,  
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re

## XVIII.

Hard words ; harsh truth ; a truth which many know.

Enough. — The faithful and the fairy pair,  
Who never found a single hour too slow,  
What was it made them thus exempt from care?  
Young innate feelings all have felt below  
Which perish in the rest, but in them were  
Inherent ; what we mortals call romantic,  
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

## XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,  
An opium dream of too much youth and reading,  
But was in them their nature or their fate :  
No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding ;  
For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,  
And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding ;  
So that there was no reason for their loves  
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

## XX.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour  
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,  
For it had made them what they were : the power  
Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies,  
When happiness had been their only dower,  
And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties ;  
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought  
The past still welcome as the present thought.

## XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,  
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,  
And swept, as 'twere, across their heart's delight,  
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame  
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;  
And thus some boding flash'd through either frame,  
And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,  
While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

## XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate  
And follow far the disappearing sun,  
As if their last day of a happy date  
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone;  
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—  
He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,  
His glance enquired of hers for some excuse  
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

## XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort  
Which makes not others smile; then turn'd aside :  
Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,  
And master'd by her wisdom or her pride;  
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—  
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—  
“ If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—  
“ Or I at least shall not survive to see.”

## XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd  
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,  
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,  
Defying augury with that fond kiss;  
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best;  
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;  
I have tried both; so those who would a part take  
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

## XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,  
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;  
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:  
But which to choose, I really hardly know;  
And if I had to give a casting voice,  
For both sides I could many reasons show,  
And then decide, without great wrong to either,  
It were much better to have both than neither.

## XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other  
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,  
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,  
All that the best can mingle and express  
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,  
And love too much, and yet can not love less;  
But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

## XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,

Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long  
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;

Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong,  
The world was not for them, nor the world's art

For beings passionate as Sappho's song;  
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,  
It was their very spirit---not a sense.

## XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,

Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were  
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes

Call'd social, where all vice and hatred are;  
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!

The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;  
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion, just as mortals do.

## XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,

Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,

For ever and anon a something shook  
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;

And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook  
A wordless music, and her face so fair  
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air;

## XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream  
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind  
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,  
The mystical usurper of the mind—  
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem  
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;  
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

## XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,  
'Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir  
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;  
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,  
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were  
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high  
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

## XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd  
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,  
And stumbled almost every step she made;  
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,  
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid;  
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet  
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,  
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

## XXXIII.

The dream changed : in a cave she stood, its walls  
Were hung with marble icicles—the work  
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,  
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and  
lurk ;  
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls  
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and murk  
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,  
Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.

## XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,  
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet  
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now !)  
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low  
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

## XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
Faded, or alter'd into something new—  
Like to her father's features, till each trace  
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—  
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace ;  
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?  
Oh ! Powers of Heaven ! what dark eye meets she there?  
Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair !



## XXXVI.

Then shrieking she arose, and shrieking fell,  
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see  
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell  
The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be  
Perchance the death of one she loved too well :  
Dear as her father had been to Haidée,  
It was a moment of that awful kind——  
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

## XXXVII.

Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
And caught her falling, and from off the wall  
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak  
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all :  
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,  
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,  
"A thousand scimitars await the word ;  
"Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

## XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him ; "Juan, 'tis—  
" 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father ! Kneel with me—  
"He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.  
"Oh ! dearest father, in this agony  
"Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
"Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be  
"That doubt should mingle with my filial joy ?  
"Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

## XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,  
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—  
Not always signs with him of calmest mood ;  
He looked upon her, but gave no reply ;  
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood  
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die ;  
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring  
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

## XL.

"Young man, your sword ;" so Lambro once more said :  
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."  
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,  
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."  
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see  
'Twas fresh---for he had lately used the lock---  
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

## XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,  
That cocking of a pistol, when you know  
A moment more will bring the sight to bear  
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so ;  
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,  
If you have got a former friend for foe ;  
But after being fired at once or twice,  
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

## XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more

Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,  
When Haidée threw herself her boy before ;

Stern as her sire : " On me," she cried, " let death  
" Descend---the fault is mine ; this fatal shore

" He found---but sought not. I have pledged my faith ;  
" I love him---I will die with him ; I knew  
" Your nature's firmness---know your daughter's too."

## XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,

And tenderness, and infancy : but now  
She stood as one who champion'd human fears--

Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow ;  
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,

She drew up to her height, as if to show  
A fairer mark ; and with a fix'd eye seann'd  
Her father's face---but never stopp'd his hand.

## XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him ; 'twas strange

How like they look'd ! the expression was the same ;  
Serenely savage, with a little change

In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame ;  
For she too was as one who could avenge,

If cause should be---a lioness, though tame :  
Her father's blood before her father's face  
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

## XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and  
Their stature differing but in sex and years ;  
Even to the delicacy of their hands  
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears ;  
And now to see them, thus divided, stand  
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,  
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,  
Show what the passions are in their full growth.

## XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew  
His weapon, and replaced it, but stood still,  
And looking on her, as to look her through,  
“ Not *I*,” he said, “ have sought this stranger’s ill ;  
“ Not *I* have made this desolation : few  
“ Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill ;  
“ But I must do my duty—how thou hast  
“ Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

## XLVII.

“ Let him disarm ; or, by my father’s head,  
“ His own shall roll before you like a ball !”  
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,  
And blew ; another answer’d to the call,  
And rushing in disorderly, though led,  
And arm’d from boot to turban, one and all,  
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank ;  
He gave the word, “ Arrest or slay the Frank.”

## XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew  
His daughter ; while compress'd within his grasp,  
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew ;  
In vain she struggled in her fathers grasp—  
His arms were like a serpent's coil ; then flew  
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,  
The file of pirates ; save the foremost, who  
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

## XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open ; but  
The third, a wary, cool old swordsman, took  
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put  
His own well in ; so well, ere you could look,  
His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,  
With the blood running like a little brook  
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red--  
One on the arm, the other on the head.

## L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore  
Juan from the apartment : with a sign  
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,  
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.  
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar  
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line ;  
On board of one of these, and under hatches,  
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

## LJ.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,  
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:  
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,  
Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,  
Just at the very time when he least broods  
On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,  
Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move.  
And all because a lady fell in love.

## LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,  
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!  
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;  
For if my pure libations exceed three,  
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,  
That I must have recourse to black Bohea;  
Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,  
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

## LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!  
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethonic rill!  
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,  
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?  
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*  
(In each sense of the word), when'er I fill  
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,  
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

## LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe —

Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded !

Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half

Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded !

She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,

And then give way, subdued because surrounded,

Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,

Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

## LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store

In marble founts ; there grain, and flower, and fruit,

Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er ;

But there too many a poison-tree has root,

And midnight listens to the lion's roar,

And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,

Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan,

And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

## LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth

Her human clay is kindled ; full of power

For good or evil, burning from its birth,

The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,

And like the soil beneath it will bring forth :

Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower ;

But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,

Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

## LVII.

Her daughter temper'd with a milder ray,  
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,  
Till slowly charged with thunder they display  
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,  
Had held till now her soft and milky way;  
But overwrought with passion and despair  
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,  
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

## LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,  
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;  
His blood was running on the very floor  
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;  
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—  
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;  
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held  
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

## LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes (2)  
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;  
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies  
O'ercharged with rain; her summon'd handmaids bore  
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;  
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,  
But she defied all means they could employ,  
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.



## LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill,  
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;  
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;  
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;  
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill  
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred  
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul,  
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

## LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows  
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,  
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws  
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair,  
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,  
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,  
Their energy like life forms all their fame,  
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

## LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,  
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,  
A strange sensation which she must partake  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true  
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,  
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

## LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing what ;  
She saw them watch her without asking why,  
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat ;  
Not speechless though she spoke not ; not a sigh  
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence and quick'chat  
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

## LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;  
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;  
She recognised no being, and no spot  
However dear or cherish'd in their day ;  
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,  
Gentle, but without memory she lay ;  
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaning  
Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

## LXV.

At last a slave bethought her of a harp ;  
The harper came, and tuned his instrument ;  
At the first notes irregular and sharp,  
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp  
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent,  
And he begun a long low island song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

## LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,  
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all  
Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream  
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call  
To be so being ; in a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

## LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief !—thought came too quick,  
And whirl'd her brain to madness ; she arose  
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;  
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close :  
Hers was a phrensy which disdain'd to rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

## LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense ;  
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,  
Though on all other things with looks intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;  
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence  
Avail'd for either ; neither change of place,  
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her  
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

## LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past :  
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow  
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—  
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

## LXX.

She died, but not alone ; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin ;  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight ;  
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

## LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were  
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid  
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well  
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

## LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
Its dwellings down, its tenants past away ;  
None but her own and father's grave is there,  
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;  
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,  
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say  
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,  
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

## LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song  
Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander  
With her sire's story makes the night less long ;  
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her ;  
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong---  
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,  
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

## LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,  
And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf ;  
I don't much like describing people mad,  
For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself---  
Besides I've no more on this head to add ;  
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,  
We'll put about, and try another tack  
With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

## LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"

Some days and nights elapsed before that he  
Could altogether call the past to mind ;

And when he did, he found himself at sea,  
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind ;

The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee---  
Another time he might have liked to see 'em,  
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.

## LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is

(Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)  
Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles ;

They say so---(Bryant says the contrary):  
And further downward, tall and towering still, is

The tumulus---of whom ? Heaven knows ; 't may be  
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus ;  
All heroes who if living still would slay us.

## LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,

A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,  
And Ida in the distance, still the same,

And old Scamander, (if 'tis he) remain ;  
The situation seems still form'd for fame---

A hundred thousand men might fight again  
With ease ; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,  
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls ;

## LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses ; here and there

Some little hamlets with new names uncouth ;

Some shepherds, (unlike Paris) led to stare

A moment at the European youth

Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear.

A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,

Extremely taken with his own religion,

Are what I found there---but the devil a Phrygian.

## LXXIX.

Don Juan here permitted to emerge

From his dull cabin, found himself a slave ;

Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,

O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave ;

Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge

A few brief questions ; and the answers gave

No very satisfactory information

About his past or present situation.

## LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appear'd

To be Italians, as they were in fact ;

From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,

Which was an odd one ; a troop going to act

In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd

In their vocation ; had not been attack'd

In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,

But sold by the impresario at no high rate. (3)

## LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,  
Juan was told about their curious case;  
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he  
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;  
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,  
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,  
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour  
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

## LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,  
Saying, "Our Machiavelian impresario,  
"Making a signal off some promontory,  
"Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!  
"We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,  
"Without a single scudo of salario;  
"But if the Sultan has a taste for song,  
"We will revive our fortunes before long.

## LXXXIII.

"The prima donna, though a little old  
"And haggard with a dissipated life,  
"And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,  
"Has some good notes; and then the tenor's wife,  
"With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;  
"Last carnival she made a deal of strife  
"By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna  
"From an old Roman princess at Bologna.



## LXXXIV.

“ And then there are the dancers ; there’s the Nini,  
“ With more than one profession gains by all ;  
“ Then there’s that laughing slut the Pelegrini,  
“ She too was fortunate last carnival,  
“ And made at least five hundred good zecchini,  
“ But spends so fast she has not now a paul ;  
“ And then there’s the Grottesca—such a dancer !  
“ Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

## LXXXV.

“ As for the figuranti, they are like  
“ The rest of all that tribe ; with here and there  
“ A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,  
“ The rest are hardly fitted for a fair ;  
“ There’s one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,  
“ Yet has a sentimental kind of air  
“ Which might go far, but she don’t dance with vigour,  
“ The more’s the pity, with her face and figure.

## LXXXVI.

“ As for the men, they are a middling set ;  
“ The Musico is but a crack’d old basin,  
“ But being qualified in one way yet,  
“ May the seraglio do to set his face in,  
“ And as a servant some preferment get ;  
“ His singing I no further trust can place in :  
“ From all the pope (4) makes yearly ’t would perplex  
“ To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

## LXXXVII.

- "The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,  
"And for the bass, the beast can only bellow ;  
"In fact, he had no singing education,  
"An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow ;  
"But being the prima donna's near relation,  
"Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,  
"They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe  
"An ass was practising recitative.

## LXXXVIII.

- "'T would not become myself to dwell upon  
"My own merits, and though young—I see, Sir---you  
"Have got a travell'd air, which shows you one  
"To whom the opera is by no means new:  
"You've heard of Raucocanti?---I'm the man ;  
"The time may come when you may hear me too ;  
"You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,  
"But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

## LXXXIX.

- "Our baritone I almost had forgot,  
"A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit ;  
"With graceful action, science not a jot,  
"A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,  
"He always is complaining of his lot,  
"Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street ;  
"In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,  
"Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

## XC.

Here Rancocanti's eloquent recital

Was interrupted by the pirate crew,  
Who came at stated moments to invite all

The captives back to their sad births; each threw  
A rueful glance upon the waves (which bright all

From the blue skies derived a double blue,  
Dancing all free and happy in the sun),  
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

## XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,

Waiting for his sublimity's firmān,  
The most imperative of sovereign spells,

Which every body does without who can,  
More to secure them in their naval cells,

Lady to lady, well as man to man,  
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,  
For the slave market of Constantinople.

## XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,

There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,  
Who (after some discussion and some doubt,

If the soprano might be doom'd to be male,  
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)

Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male  
Was Juan, who,—an awkward thing at his age,  
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

## XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd  
The tenor; these two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd  
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;  
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,  
Instead of bearing up without debate,  
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,  
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

## XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,  
But bred within the March of old Ancona,  
With eyes that look'd into the very soul  
(And other chief points of a "bella donna"),  
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;  
And through her clear brunette complexion shone a  
Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,  
Especially when added to the power.

## XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,  
For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;  
Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;  
And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand  
Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb  
(And she had some not easy to withstand)  
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;  
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

## XCVI.

No matter ; we should ne'er too much inquire,  
But facts are facts : no knight could be more true,  
And firmer faith no ladye-love desire ;  
We will omit the proofs, save one or two :  
Tis said no one in hand " can hold a fire  
" By thought of frosty Caucasus ;" but few,  
I really think ; yet Juan's then ordeal  
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

## XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,  
Having withstood temptation in my youth,  
But here that several people take exception  
At the first two books having too much truth ;  
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,  
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,  
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is  
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

## XCVIII.

'Tis all the same to me ; I'm fond of yielding,  
And therefore leave them to the purer page  
Of Smollet, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,  
Who says strange things for so correct an age ;  
I once had great alacrity in wielding  
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,  
And recollect the time when all this cant  
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

## XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble ;  
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,  
Leaving such to the literary rabble,  
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease  
While the right hand that wrote it still is able,  
Or of some centuries to take a lease ;  
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,  
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

## C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance  
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,  
Life seems the smallest portion of existence ;  
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance  
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,  
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,  
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

## CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,  
And love of glory's but an airy lust,  
Too often in its fury overcoming all  
Who would as 'twere identify their dust  
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,  
Leaves nothing till the coming of the just—  
Save change ; I 've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome.

## CII.

The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,  
Until the memory of an age is fled,  
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom :  
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read ?  
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom  
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,  
And lose their own in universal death.

## CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon  
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,  
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon  
For human vanity, the young De Foix !  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,  
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,  
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base. (5)

## CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid :  
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid  
To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column :  
The time must come, when both alike decay'd,  
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,  
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,  
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

## CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,  
With human filth that column is defiled,  
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented  
To shew his loathing of the spot he soil'd;  
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented  
Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild  
Instinct of gore and glory earth has known  
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

## CVI.

Yet there will still be bards ; though fame is smoke,  
Its fumes 'are frankincense to human thought ;  
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke  
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought ;  
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,  
Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought  
Dash into poetry, which is but passion,  
Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

## CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was  
At once adventurous and contemplative,  
Men who partake all passions as they pass,  
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give  
Their images again as in a glass,  
And in such colours that they seem to live ;  
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,  
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.



## CVIII.

Oh ! ye, who make the fortunes of all books !  
Benign ceruleans of the second sex !  
Who advertise new poems by your looks,  
Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex,—  
What, must I go to the oblivious cooks,—  
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks ?  
Ah ! must I then the only minstrel be,  
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea !

## CIX.

What, can I prove "a lion" then no more ?  
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling ?  
To bear the compliments of many a bore,  
And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling ?  
Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,  
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling)  
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,  
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

## CX.

Oh ! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"  
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,  
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you ;  
They say your stockings are so (Heaven knows why,  
I have examined few pair of that hue) ;  
Blue as the garters which serenely lie  
Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn  
The festal midnight, and the levee morn.

## CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—

But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,  
You read my stanzas, and I read your features :

And—but no matter, all those things are over ;  
Still I have no dislike to learned natures,

For sometimes such a world of virtues cover ;  
I know one woman of that purple school,  
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

## CXII.

Humboldt, “ the first of travellers,” but not

The last, if late accounts be accurate,  
Invented, by some name I have forgot,

As well as the sublime discovery's date,  
An airy instrument, with which he sought

To ascertain the atmospheric state,  
By measuring “ the *intensity of blue* :”

Oh, Lady Daphne ! let me measure you !

## CXIII.

But to the narrative : the vessel bound

With slaves to sell off in the capital,  
After the usual process, might be found

At anchor under the seraglio wall ;  
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,

Were landed in the market, one and all,  
And there with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,  
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

## CXIV.

Some went off dearly ; fifteen hundred dollars  
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,  
Warranted virgin ; beauty's brightest colours  
Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven :  
Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,  
Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd eleven ;  
But when the offer went beyond, they knew  
'Twas for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

## CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price  
Which the West Indian market scarce could bring ;  
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice  
What 'twas ere abolition ; and the thing  
Need not seem very wonderful, for vice  
Is always much more splendid than a king :  
The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,  
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

## CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,  
How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,  
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,  
And others rose to the command of crews  
As renegadoes ; while in hapless group,  
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,  
The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,  
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim :

## CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song ;

Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant,  
(Because this Canto has become too long)

Must be postponed discreetly for the present ;  
I 'm sensible redundancy is wrong,

But could not for the muse of me put less in't :  
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,  
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

## NOTES TO CANTO IV.

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Note 1, page 209, stanza xii.

*“ Whom the gods love die young ” was said of yore.*

See Herodotus.

Note 2, page 225, stanza lix.

*A vein had burst.*

This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, “ mourut subitement d’une hemorrhagie causée par une veine qui s’éclata dans sa poitrine,” (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii.) at the age of eighty years, when “ *Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*” Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person; who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

Note 3, page 231, stanza lxxx.

*But sold by the impresario at no high rate.*

This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre; embarked them at an Italian port,

and carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algeri," at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

Note 4, page 233, stanza lxxxvi.

*" From all the pope makes yearly 'twould perplex*

*" To find three perfect pipes of the third sex.*

It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trust-worthy as guardians of the haram.

Note 5, page 239, stanza ciii.

*While weeds and ordure rankle round the base*

The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forli. Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle, was killed in it; there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The present state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.

# DON JUAN.

## CANTO V.





# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO V.

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### I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves  
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,  
And praise their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,  
They little think what mischief is in hand;  
The greater their success the worse it proves,  
As Ovid's verse may make you understand;  
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,  
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

### II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,  
Except in such a way as not to attract;  
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,  
But with a moral to each error tack'd,  
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,  
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;  
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,  
This poem will become a moral model.

## III.

The European with the Asian shore  
Sprinkled with palaces ; the ocean stream (1)  
Here and there studded with a seventy-four ;  
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam ;  
The cypress groves ; Olympus high and hoar ;  
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,  
Far less describe, present the very view  
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montague.

## IV.

I have a passion for the name of " Mary,"  
For once it was a magic sound to me ;  
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,  
Where I beheld what never was to be ;  
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,  
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free :  
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,  
Which must not be pathetically told.

## V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave  
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades ;  
'Tis a grand sight from off the " Giant's Grave" (2)  
To watch the progress of those rolling seas  
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease ;  
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

## VI.

Tw'as a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,  
When nights are equal, but not so the days;  
The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning  
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise  
The waters, and repentance for past sinning  
In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways:  
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't  
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

## VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,  
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;  
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:  
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed.  
All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation  
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;  
The negroes more philosophy display'd,—  
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

## VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,  
As most at his age are, of hope, and health;  
Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,  
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth;  
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull  
His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,  
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters  
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars.

## IX.

Were things to shake a stoic; ne'ertheless,  
Upon the whole his carriage was serene:  
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,  
Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,  
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess  
He was above the vulgar by his mien;  
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome;  
And then—they calculated on his ransom.

## X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted  
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,  
Though rather more irregularly spotted:  
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.  
It chanced amongst the other people lotted,  
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,  
With resolution in his dark gray eye,  
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

## XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square  
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,  
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,  
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,  
An open brow a little mark'd with care:  
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;  
And there he stood with such *sang-froid* that greater  
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

## XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,  
Of a high spirit evidently, though  
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had  
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show  
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad  
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,  
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse  
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

## XIII.

“ My boy !”—said he, “ amidst this motley crew  
“ Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,  
“ All ragamuffins differing but in hue,  
“ With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,  
“ The only gentlemen seem I and you ;  
“ So let us be acquainted as we ought :  
“ If I could yield you any consolation,  
“ ’T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation ?”

## XIV.

When Juan answered “ Spanish !” he replied,  
“ I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek ;  
“ Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed :  
“ Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,  
“ But that's her way with all men till they're tried ;  
“ But never mind,---she'll turn perhaps, next week ;  
“ She has served me also much the same as you  
“ Except that I have found it nothing new.”

## XV.

“ Pray, Sir, “ said Juan, “ if I may presume,  
“ *What* brought you here?”—“ Oh ! nothing very rare—  
“ Six Tartars and a drag-chain—— — “ To this doom  
“ But what conducted, if the question’s fair,  
“ Is that which I would learn.”—“ I served for some  
“ Months with the Russian army here and there,  
“ And taking lately, by Suwarrow’s bidding,  
“ A town, was ta’en myself instead of Widin.”

## XVI.

“ Have you no friends ?”—“ I had—but, b<sub>y</sub> God’s blessing,  
“ Have not been troubled with them lately. Now  
“ I have answer’d all your questions without pressing,  
“ And you an equal courtesy should show.”—  
“ Alas !” said Juan, “ ’t were a tale distressing,  
“ And long besides.”—“ Oh ! if ’tis really so,  
“ You’re right on both accounts to hold your tongue ;  
“ A sad tale saddens doubly when ’tis long.

## XVII.

“ But droop not ; Fortune at your time of life,  
“ Although a female moderately fickle,  
“ Will hardly leave you (as she’s not your wife)  
“ For any length of days in such a pickle.  
“ To strive too with our fate were such a strife  
“ As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle :  
“ Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
“ The circumstances seem the sport of men.”

## XVIII.

“ ’Tis not,” said Juan, “ for my present doom  
“ I mourn, but for the past ;—I loved a maid :”  
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom ;  
A single tear upon his eyelash staid  
A moment and then dropp’d ; “ but to resume,  
“ ’Tis not my present lot, as I have said,  
“ Which I deplore so much ; for I have borne  
“ Hardships which have the hardiest overworn,

## XIX.

“ On the rough deep. But this last blow—” and here  
He stopp’d again, and turn’d away his face.  
“ Ay,” quoth his friend, “ I thought it would appear  
“ That there had been a lady in the case ;  
“ And these are things which ask a tender tear,  
“ Such as I too would shed if in your place :  
“ I cried upon my first wife’s dying day,  
“ And also when my second ran away :

## XX.

“ My third—”——“ Your third !” quoth Juan, turning  
round ;  
“ You scarcely can be thirty ; have you three ?”  
“ No—only two at present above ground :  
“ Surely ’tis nothing wonderful to see  
“ One person thrice in holy wedlock bound !”  
“ Well, then, your third,” said Juan ; “ what did she ?  
“ She did not run away, too, did she, sir ;”  
“ No, faith.”——“ What then !”——“ I ran away from her.”

## XXI.

“ You take things coolly, sir,” said Juan. “ Why,”  
Replied the other “ what can a man do ?  
“ There still are many rainbows in your sky,  
“ But mine have vanish’d. All, when life is new,  
“ Commence with feelings warm and prospects high ;  
“ But time strips our illusions of their hue,  
“ And one by one in turn, some grand mistake  
“ Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

## XXII.

“ ’Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,  
“ Or fresher, brighter, but the year gone through,  
“ This skin must go the way too of all flesh,  
“ Or sometimes only wear a week or two ;—  
“ Love’s the first net which spreads its deadly mesh ;  
“ Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue  
“ The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,  
“ Where still we flutter on for pence or praise.”

## XXIII.

“ All this is very fine, and may be true,”  
Said Juan ; “ but I really don’t see how  
“ It betters present times with me or you.”  
“ No ?” quoth the other ; “ yet you will allow  
“ By setting things in their right point of view,  
“ Knowledge, at least, is gain’d ; for instance, now,  
“ We know what slavery is, and our disasters  
“ May teach us better to behave when masters.”



## XXIV.

“ Would we were masters now, if but to try  
“ Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,”  
Said Juan—swallowing a heart-burning sigh :  
“ Heaven help the scholar whom his fortune sends here !”  
“ Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,”  
Rejoined the other, “ when our bad luck mends here ;  
“ Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)  
“ I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us !

## XXV.

“ But after all what is our present state ?  
“ ’Tis bad, and may be better—all men’s lot :  
“ Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,  
“ To their own whims and passions, and what not ;  
“ Society itself, which should create  
“ Kindness, destroys what little we had got :  
“ To feel for none is the true social art  
“ Of the world’s stoics---men without a heart.”

## XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage  
Of the third sex stept up, and peering over  
The captives, seem’d to mark their looks and age,  
And capabilities, as to discover  
If they were fitted for the purposed cage :  
No lady e’er is ogled by a lover,  
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,  
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

## XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow creatures;  
And all are to be sold, if you consider

Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features  
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,

Some by a place--as tend their years or natures;  
The most by ready cash---but all have prices,  
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

## XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,

Turn'd to the merchant, and begun to bid  
First but for one, and after for the pair;

They haggled, wrangled, swore, too---so they did!  
As though they were in a mere christian fair  
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;  
So that their bargain sounded like a battle  
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

## XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,

And pulling out reluctant purses, and  
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling

Some down, and weighing others in their hand,  
And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,

Until the sum was accurately scann'd,  
And then the merchant giving change, and signing  
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

## XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?

Or, if it were, if also his digestion?

Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,

And conscience ask a curious sort of question,

About the right divine how far we should

Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has opprest one,

I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour

Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

## XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide

Found life most tolerable after meals;

He's wrong---unless man was a pig, indeed,

Repletion rather adds to what he feels,

Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's freed

From his own brain's oppression while it reels.

Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather

Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one father);

## XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act

Of eating, with another act or two,

Makes us feel our mortality in fact

Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,

And fish, and soup, by some side dishes back'd,

Can give us either pain or pleasure, who

Would pique himself on intellects, whose use

Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

## XXXIII.

The other evening ('twas on Friday last)---  
This is a fact and no poetic fable---  
Just as my great coat was about me cast,  
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,  
I heard a shot---'twas eight o'clock scarce past---  
And running out as fast as I was able, ( 3  
I found the military commandant  
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.

## XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,  
They had slain him with five slugs; and left him there  
To perish on the pavement; so I had  
Him borne into the house and up the stair,  
And stripp'd, and look'd to,——But why should I add  
More circumstances? vain was every care;  
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel  
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel. (4)

## XXXV

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;  
And though I have seen many corpses, never  
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,  
So calm; though pierced through stomach, heart, and  
liver,  
He seem'd to sleep, for you could scarcely tell  
(As he bled inwardly no hideous river  
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:  
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said---

## XXXVI.

“ Can this be death? then what is life or death?  
“ Speak!” but he spoke not: “ wake!” but still he slept :--  
“ But yesterday and who had mightier breath?  
“ A thousand warriors by his word were kept  
“ In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,  
“ ‘ Go,’ and he goeth; ‘ come,’ and forth he stepp’d,  
“ The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb---  
“ And now nought left him but the muffled drum.”

## XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp’d---they  
With their rough faces throng’d about the bed  
To gaze once more on the commanding clay  
Which for the last though not the first time bled:  
And such an end! that he who many a day  
Had faced Napoleon’s foes until they fled,---  
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,  
Should now be butcher’d in a civic alley.

## XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,  
Those honourable scars which brought him fame;  
And horrid was the contrast to the view---  
But let me quit the theme; as such things claim  
Perhaps even more attention than is due  
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)  
To try if I could wrench aught out of death  
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith;

## XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are.

And there we go;---but *where*? five bits of lead,  
Or three, or two, or one, send very far!

And is this blood, then, form'd but to be shed?  
Can every element our elements mar?

And air---earth---water---fire live---and we dead?  
*We*, whose minds comprehend all things? No more;  
But let us to the story as before.

## XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance

Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,  
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went thence

As fast as oars could pull and water float;  
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,

Wondering what next, till the caique was brought:  
Up in a little creek below a wall  
O'ertopp'd with cypresses dark-green and tall.

## XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket

Of a small iron door, 'twas opened, and  
He led them onward, first through a low thicket

Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on either hand:  
They almost lost their way and had to pick it---

For night was closing ere they came to land.  
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,  
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

## XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way,  
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth ;  
(Of which I might have a good deal to say,  
There being no such profusion in the north  
Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"

But that of late your scribblers think it worth  
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works  
Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the Turks :)

## XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came  
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he  
Whisper'd to his companion :---'twas the same  
Which might have then occur'd to you or me.  
"Methinks," ---said he,---"it would be no great shame  
"If we should strike a stroke to set us free ;  
"Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,  
"And march away---'twere easier done than said."

## XLIV.

"Yes," said the other, "and when done, what then ?  
" *How get out? how the devil got we in?*  
"And when we once were fairly out, and when  
"From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,  
"To-morrow'd see us in some other den,  
"And worse off than we hitherto have been ;  
"Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,  
"Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

## XLV.

“ We must be near some place of man’s abode ;—  
“ For the old negro’s confidence in creeping,  
“ With his two captives, by so queer a road,  
“ Shows that he thinks his friends have not been  
    sleeping ;  
“ A single cry would bring them all abroad :  
“ ’Tis therefore better looking before leaping—  
“ And there, you see, this turn has brought us through  
“ By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.”

## XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building  
Which open’d on their view, and o’er the front  
There seem’d to be besprent a deal of gilding  
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—  
A gaudy taste ; for they are little skill’d in  
The arts of which these lands were once the font :  
Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen  
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

## XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour  
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,  
Things which in hungry mortals’ eyes find favour,  
Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,  
And put himself upon his good behaviour :  
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,  
Said, “ In Heaven’s name let’s get some supper now,  
“ And then I’m with you, if you’re for a row.”



## LXVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,  
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason ;  
The last of these was never much the fashion,  
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.  
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,  
But more or less continue still to tease on,  
With arguments according to their " forte ;"  
But no one ever dreams of being short. —

## XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,---although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no  
Method's more sure at moments to take hold  
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul---the dinner bell.

## L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine ;  
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard  
No christian knoll to table, saw no line  
Of lacqueys usher to the feast prepared,  
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,  
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,  
And gazed around them to the left and right  
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

## LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,  
They follow'd close behind their sable guide.  
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence  
Was on the point of being set aside :  
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,  
And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,  
And a magnificent large hall display'd  
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

## LII.

I won't describe ; description is my forte,  
But every fool describes in these bright days  
His wond'rous journey to some foreign court,  
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—  
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport ;  
While Nature tortured twenty thousand ways,  
Resigns herself with exemplary patience  
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.

## LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted  
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess ;  
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,  
And some seem'd much in love with their own dress,  
And divers smoked superb pipes decorated .  
With amber mouths of greater price or less ;  
And several strutted, others slept, and some  
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum. (5)

## LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace  
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes  
A moment without slackening from their pace;  
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise:  
One or two stared the captives in the face,  
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;  
Some nodded to the negro from their station,  
But no one troubled him with conversation.

## LV.

He leads them through the hall, and without stopping,  
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,  
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping, (6)  
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms  
Of night, which robe the chamber, or where popping  
Some female head most curiously presumes  
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,  
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

## LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls  
Gave light enough to hint their farther way,  
But not enough to show the imperial halls  
In all the flashing of their full array;  
Perhaps there 's nothing---I'll not say appals,  
But saddens more by night as well as day,  
Then an enormous room without a soul  
To break the lifeless splendor of the whole.

## LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing :  
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,  
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in  
The spots which were her realms for evermore ;  
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in  
More modern buildings and those built of yore,  
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone  
Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

## LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,  
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass  
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,  
Are things which make an English evening pass ;  
Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight  
As is a theatre lit up by gas.  
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,  
And that's the reason I 'm so melancholy.

## LIX.

Alas ! man makes that great which makes him little :  
I grant you in a church 'tis very well :  
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be brittle,  
But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell  
Their names who rear'd it ; but huge houses fit ill—  
And huge tombs worse—mankind, since Adam fell :  
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel  
Might teach them this much better than I 'm able.

## LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-seat, and then

A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,  
Where Nabuchadonosor, king of men,

Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,  
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,

The people's awe and admiration raising;  
'Twas famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,  
And the calunniated Queen Semiramis.

## LXI.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## LXII.

But to resume,---should there be (what may not

Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't,  
Because they can't, find out the very spot

Of that same Babel, or because they won't,  
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got

And written lately two memoirs upon 't)  
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who  
Must be believed, though they believe not you.

## LXIII.

Yet let them think, that Horace has exprest  
    Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly  
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,  
    Who give themselves to architecture wholly;  
We know where things and men must end at last :  
    A moral (like all morals) melancholy,  
And “ Et sepulchri immemor struis domos ”  
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

## LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,  
    Where echo woke as if from a long slumber ;  
Though full of all things which could be desired,  
    One wonder'd what to do with such a number  
Of articles which nobody required ;  
    Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber  
With furniture an exquisite apartment,  
Which puzzled nature much to know what art meant.

## LXV.

It seem'd, however but to open on  
    A range or suit of further chambers, which  
Might lead to Heaven knows where ; but in this one  
    The moveables were prodigally rich :  
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,  
    So costly were they ; carpets every stitch  
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish  
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

## LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning  
A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder,  
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,  
As if the milky way their feet was under  
With all its stars ; and with a stretch attaining  
A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder  
In that remote recess which you may see---  
Or if you don't the fault is not in me,

## LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous ; and the black,  
I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth  
A quantity of clothes fit for the back  
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth ;  
And of variety there was no lack---  
And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,  
He chose himself to point out what he thought  
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

## LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each  
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first  
A candiote cloak, which to the knee might reach,  
And trowsers not so tight that they would burst,  
But such as fit an Asiatic breech ;  
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nurst,  
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy ;  
In short, all things which form a Turkish Dandy.

## LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,  
Hinted the vast advantages which they  
Might probably obtain both in the end,  
If they would but pursue the proper way  
Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend;  
And then he added, that he needs must say,  
" 'Twould greatly tend to better their condition,  
" If they would condescend to circumcision.

## LXX.

" For his own part, he really should rejoice  
" To see them true believers, but no less  
" Would leave his proposition to their choice."  
The other, thanking him for this excess  
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice  
In such a trifle, scarcely could express  
" Sufficiently (he said) his approbation  
" Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

## LXXI.

" For his own share—he saw but small objection  
" To so respectable an ancient rite;  
" And, after swallowing down a slight refection,  
" For which he own'd a present appetite,  
" He doubted not a few hours of reflection  
" Would reconcile him to the business quite."  
" Will it?" said Juan, sharply; " Strike me dead,  
" But they as soon shall circumcise my head!



## LXXII.

“Cut off a thousand heads, before——”—“Now, pray,”  
Replied the other, “do not interrupt :  
“You put me out in what I had to say.  
“Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supt,  
“I shall perpend if your proposal may  
“Be such as I can properly accept ;  
“Provided always your great goodness still  
“Remits the matter to our own free-will.”

## LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said “Be so good  
“As dress yourself—” and pointed out a suit  
In which a Princess with great pleasure would  
Array her limbs ; but Juan standing mute,  
As not being in a masquerading mood,  
Gave it a slight kick with his christian foot ;  
And when the old negro told him to “Get ready,”  
Replied, “Old gentleman, I’m not a lady.”

## LXXIV.

“What you may be, I neither know nor care,”  
Said Baba ; “but pray do as I desire :  
“I have no more time nor many words to spare.”  
“At least,” said Juan “sure I may enquire  
“The cause of this odd travesty?”—“Forbear,”  
Said Baba, “to be curious ; ’twill transpire,  
“No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season :  
“I have no authority to tell the reason.”

## LXXV.

“ Then if I do,” said Juan, “ I’ll be——” “ Hold !”  
Rejoin’d the negro, “ pray be not provoking ;  
“ This spirit’s well, but it may wax too bold,  
“ And you will find us not too fond of joking.”  
“ What, sir,” said Juan, “ shall it e’er be told  
“ That I unsex’d my dress ?” But Baba stroking  
The things down, said—“ Incense me, and I call  
“ Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

## LXXVI.

“ I offer you a handsome suit of clothes :  
“ A woman’s true ; but then there is a cause  
“ Why you should wear them.”—“ What, though my  
soul loathes  
“ The effeminate garb ?”—thus, after a short pause,  
Sigh’d Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,  
“ What the devil shall I do with all this gauze ?”  
Thus he profanely term’d the finest lace  
Which e’er set off a marriage-morning face.

## LXXVII.

And then he swore ; and, sighing, on he slipp’d  
A pair of trowsers of flesh-colour’d silk,  
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp’d,  
Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk ;  
But tugging on his petticoat he tripp’d,  
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say *whilk*,  
(The rhyme obliges me to this : sometimes  
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.

## LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to  
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward ;  
And yet at last he managed to get through  
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward :  
The negro Baba help'd a little too,  
When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard ;  
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,  
He paused and took a survey up and down.

## LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd,---his hair  
Was hardly long enough ; but Baba found  
So many false long tresses all to spare,  
That soon his head was most completely crown'd,  
After the manner then in fashion there ;  
And this addition with such gems was bound  
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,  
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

## LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,  
With some small aid from scissars, paint, and tweezers,  
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,  
And Baba smilingly exclaimed " You see, sirs,  
" A perfect transformation here displayed ,  
" And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs  
" That is---the Lady : " clapping his hands twice,  
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

## LXXXI.

“ You, sir,” said Baba, nodding to the one,  
“ Will please to accompany those gentlemen  
“ To supper ; but you, worthy christian nun,  
“ Will follow me ; no trifling, sir ; for when  
“ I say a thing, it must at once be done.  
“ What fear you ? think you this a lion’s den ?  
“ Why, ’tis a palace ; where the truly wise  
“ Anticipate the Prophet’s paradise.

## LXXXII.

“ You fool ! I tell you no one means you harm.”  
“ So much the better,” Juan said, “ for them ;  
“ Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,  
“ Which is not quite so light as you may deem.  
“ I yield thus far ; but soon will break the charm  
“ If any take me for that which I seem :  
“ So that I trust for every body’s sake,  
“ That this disguise may lead to no mistake.”

## LXXXIII.

“ Blockhead ! come on, and see,” quoth Baba ; while  
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who  
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a smile  
Upon the metamorphosis in view,  
“ Farewell !” they mutually exclaim’d : “ this soil  
“ Seems fertile in adventures strange and new ;  
“ One’s turn’d half Mussulman, and one a maid,  
“ By this old black enchanter’s unsought aid.

## LXXXIV.

“Farewell!” said Juan; “should we meet no more,  
“I wish you a good appetite.”—“Farewell!”  
Replied the other; “though it grieves me sore;  
“When we next meet, we’ll have a tale to tell  
“We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.  
“Keep your good name; though Eve herself once fell.”  
“Nay,” quoth the maid, “the Sultan’s self shan’t carry me,  
“Unless his highness promises to marry me.”

## LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;  
Baba led Juan onward room by room  
Through glittering galleries, and o’er marble floors,  
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,  
Haughty and huge, along the distant towers;  
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:  
It seem’d as though they came upon a shrine,  
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

## LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,  
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;  
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;  
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish’d lies;  
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,  
And in perspective many a squadron flies:  
It seems the work of times before the line  
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

## LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close  
Of a huge hall, and on its either side  
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,  
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied  
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose  
O'er them in almost pyramidic pride :  
The gate so splendid was in all its *features*, (7)  
You never thought about those little creatures,

## LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then  
You started back in horror to survey  
The wond'rous hideousness of those small men,  
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor gray  
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen  
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;  
They were misshapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—  
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

## LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though  
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—  
To ope this door, which they could really do,  
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes;  
And now and then with tough strings of the bow,  
As is the custom of those eastern climes,  
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;  
For mutes are generally used for that.

## XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all ;

And looking like two incubi, they glared  
As Baba with his fingers made them fall

To heaving back the portal folds : it scared  
Juan a moment, as this pair so small

With shrinking serpent optics on him stared ;  
It was as if their little looks could poison  
Or fascinate whom'er they fix'd their eyes on.

## XCI.

Before they enter'd Baba paused to hint

To Juan some slight lessons as his guide :

“ If you could just contrive,” he said, ” to stint

“ That somewhat manly majesty of stride,

“ ’T would be as well, and,—(though there’s not much in’t)

“ To swing a little less from side to side,

“ Which has at times an aspect of the oddest ;

“ And also could you look a little modest,

## XCII.

“ ’T would be convenient ; for these mutes have eyes

“ Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats ;

“ And if they should discover your disguise,

“ You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats ;

“ And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,

“ To find our way to Marmora without boats,

“ Stitch’d up in sacks—a mode of navigation

“ A good deal practised here upon occasion.”

## XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way  
Into a room still nobler than the last;  
A rich confusion form'd a disarray  
In such sort, that the eye along it cast  
Could hardly carry any thing away,  
Object on object flash'd so bright and fast;  
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,  
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

## XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such things  
Occur in orient palaces, and even  
In the more chasten'd domes of western kings  
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven)  
Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings  
Much lustre, there is much to be forgiven;  
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,  
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

## XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay  
Under a canopy, and there reclined  
Quite in a confidential queenly way,  
A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd  
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,  
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind  
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd and bended  
His head, until the ceremony ended.



## XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air  
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them  
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair  
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem ;  
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,  
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem  
Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low,  
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

## XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state ;  
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,  
Whose force, description only would abate :  
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,  
Than lessen it by what I could relate  
Of forms and features ; it would strike you blind  
Could I do justice to the full detail ;  
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

## XCVIII.

This much however I may add,—her years  
Were ripe, they might make six and twenty springs,  
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,  
And turns aside his scyth to vulgar things.  
Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots ; true—tears  
And love destroy ; and sapping sorrow wrings  
Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow  
Ugly ; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

## XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who

Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,  
And were all clad alike ; like Juan, too,

Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen :  
They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew.

Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "cousin,"  
As far as outward show may correspond ;  
I won't be bail for any thing beyond.

## C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew retiring

But not by the same door through which came in  
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,

At some small distance, all he saw within  
This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring

Marvel and praise ; for both or none things win ;  
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very  
Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."

## CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know

"(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of speech)

"To make men happy, or to keep them so ;

"(So take it in the very words of Creech)."

Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago ;

And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach  
From his translation ; but had *none admired*,  
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired ?

## CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,  
Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then  
A second time desired him to kneel down,  
And kiss the lady's foot ; which maxim when  
He heard, repeated Juan with a frown  
Drew himself up to his full height again,  
And said, " It grieved him, but he could not stoop  
" To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

## CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride ,  
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat  
He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)  
About a bow-string—quite in vain ; not yet  
Would Juan stoop, though 't were to Mahomet's bride  
There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*  
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,  
As also at the race and county balls.

## CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words  
About his ears, and nathless would not bend ;  
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords  
Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend  
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords  
A thousand times of him had made an end ;  
At length perceiving the "*fool*" could not stand,  
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

## CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,  
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,  
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise;  
And Juan now his willingness exprest  
To use all fit and proper courtesies.  
Adding, that this was commonest and best,  
For through the South, the custom still commands  
The gentleman, to kiss the lady's hands.

## CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,  
Though on more *thorough-bred* (3) or fairer fingers  
No lips e'er left their transitory trace :  
On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,  
And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,  
As you will see if she you love shall bring hers  
In contact ; and sometimes even a fair stranger's  
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

## CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade  
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,  
As if well-used to the retreating trade ;  
And taking hints in good part all the while,  
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,  
And looking on him with a sort of smile,  
'Took leave with such a face of satisfaction,  
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

## CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change :

I know not what might be the lady's thought,  
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,  
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,  
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range

The verge of Heaven ; and in her large eyes wrought  
A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,  
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

## CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,

Her features all the sweetness of the devil,  
When he put on the cherub to perplex

Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil ;  
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks

Than she from aught at which the eye could cavi ;  
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wanting,  
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

## CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw

A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain  
Was thrown as 't were about the neck of you,—

And rapture's self will seem almost a pain  
With aught which looks like despotism in view .

Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain  
We would against them make the flesh obey—  
The spirit in the end will have its way.

## CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;  
Her very nod was not an inclination:  
There was a self-will even in her small feet,  
As though they were quite conscious of her station—  
They trod as upon necks; and to complete  
Her state, (it is the custom of her nation,)  
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign  
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven not mine.)

## CXII.

“To hear and to obey” had been from birth  
The law of all around her; to fulfil  
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,  
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will;  
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:  
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;  
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion  
We should have found out the “perpetual motion.”

## CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;  
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed  
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,  
And when 'twas found straightway the bargain closed;  
There was no end unto the things she bought,  
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;  
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardon'd all except her face.

## CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught  
Her eye in passing on his way to sale ;  
She order'd him directly to be bought,  
And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail  
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,  
Had his instructions where and how to deal ;  
She had no prudence, but he had ; and this  
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

## CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise,  
And, should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,  
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,  
This I must leave sultanas to decide :  
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,  
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,  
As we may ascertain with due precislon,  
Some by experience, others by tradition.

## CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending :—  
She now conceived all difficulty past,  
And deem'd herself extremely condescending  
When, being made her property at last,  
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending  
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,  
And merely saying, " Christian, canst thou love?"  
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

## CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;  
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing  
With Haidèe's isle and soft Ionian face,  
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing,  
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,  
And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops blowing:  
These words went through his soul like Arab-spears,  
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

## CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,  
For women shed and use them at their liking;  
But there is something when man's eye appears  
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.  
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,  
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in  
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)  
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

## CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how;  
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er  
Infected her with sympathy till now,  
And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear  
Aught of a serious sorrowing kind, although  
There might arise some pouting petty care  
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near  
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.



## CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,  
And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation,  
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil  
For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their nation,  
They naturally pour the “wine and oil,”  
Samaritans in every situation ;  
And thus Gulleyaz, though she knew not why,  
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

## CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else ; and soon  
Juan, who for an instant had been moved  
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone  
Of one who dared to ask if “ he *had* loved,”  
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone  
Bright with the very weakness he reproved ;  
And although sensitive to beauty, he  
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

## CXXII.

Gulleyaz, for the first time in her days,  
Was much embarrass'd, never having met  
In all her life with aught save prayers and praise ;  
And as she also risk'd her life to get  
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways  
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,  
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,  
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

## CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,  
To gentlemen in any such like case,  
That is to say—in a meridian clime,  
With us there is more law given to the case,  
But here a small delay forms a great crime :  
So recollect that the extremest grace  
Is just two minutes for your declaration—  
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

## CXXIV.

Juan's was good ; and might have been still better,  
But he had got Haidée into his head :  
However strange, he could not yet forget her  
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.  
Gulleyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor  
For having had him to her palace led,  
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then  
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

## CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid  
Her hand on his, and bending on his eyes,  
Which needed not an empire to persuade,  
Look'd into his for love, where none replies :  
Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,  
That being the last thing a proud woman tries ;  
She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw  
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

## CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,  
But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride :  
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,  
And seated her all drooping by his side.  
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,  
And looking coldly in her face, he cried,  
“ The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I  
“ Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

## CXXVII.

“ Thou ask'st, if I can love ? be this the proof  
“ How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee* !  
“ In this vile garb, the distaff's web andwoof  
“ Were fitter for me : Love is for the free !  
“ I am not dazzled by this splendid roof.  
“ Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,  
“ Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,  
“ And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.”

## CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite,  
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things .  
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,  
Earth being only made for queens and kings.  
If hearts lay on the left side or the right  
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings  
Legitimacy its born votaries, when  
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

## CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair  
As even in a much humbler lot had made  
A kingdom or confusion any where,  
And also, as may be presumed, she laid  
Some stress upon those charms, which seldom are  
By the possessors thrown into the shade;  
She thought hers gave a double "right divine,"  
And half of that opinion's also mine.

## CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,  
Ye ! who have kept your chastity when young,  
While some more desperate dowager has been waging  
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung  
By your refusal, recollect her raging !  
Or recollect all that was said or sung  
On such a subject; then suppose the face  
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

## CXXXI.

Suppose, but you already have supposed,  
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,  
Phedra, and all which story has disclosed  
Of good examples; pity that so few by  
Poets and private tutors are exposed,  
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by !  
But when you have supposed the few we know,  
You can't suppose Gulleyaz' angry brow.

## CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,  
Or any interesting beast of prey,  
Are similes at hand for the distress  
Of ladies who cannot have their own way ;  
But though my turn will not be served with less,  
These don't express one half what I should say :  
For what is stealing young ones, few or many,  
To cutting short their hopes of having any ?

## CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,  
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings ;  
There's nothing whets the beak or arms the claw  
Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings ;  
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw  
How mothers love their children's squalls and  
chucklings ;  
And this strong extreme effect (to tire no longer  
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

## CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulleyaz' eyes,  
'Twere nothing—for her eyes flash'd always fire ;  
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,  
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,  
So supernatural was her passion's rise ;  
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire :  
Even ye who know what a check'd woman is  
(Enough, God knows !) would much fall short of this.

## CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—

A moment's more had slain her ; but the while  
It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell :

Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,  
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,

Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle ;  
And the deep passions flashing through her form  
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

## CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a Typhoon

To match a common fury with her rage,  
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,

Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page ;  
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,

Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—  
Her wish was but to “ kill, kill, kill,” like Lear's,  
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

## CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,

Pass'd without words—in fact she could not speak ;  
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,

A sentiment till then in her but weak,  
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,

As water through an unexpected leak,  
For she felt humble—and humiliation  
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

## CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,  
It also gently hints to them that others,  
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;  
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,  
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,  
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers:  
It teaches---Heaven knows only what it teaches,  
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

## CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;  
Her second, to cut only his---acquaintance;  
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;  
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;  
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;  
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh to sentence  
The lash to Baba;---but her grand resource  
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

## CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had  
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;  
For eastern stays are little made to pad,  
So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck hard:  
She thought of killing Juan---but, poor lad!  
Though he deserved it well for being so backward  
The cutting off his head was not the art  
Most likely to attain her aim---his heart.

## CXLI.

Juan was moved ; he had made up his mind  
To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish  
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,  
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,  
And thus heroically stood resign'd,  
Rather than sin---except to his own wish :  
But all his great preparatives for dying  
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

## CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,  
So Juan's virtue ebb'd I know not how ;  
And first he wonder'd why he had refused ;  
And then, if matters could be made up now ;  
And next his savage virtue he accused,  
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,  
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,  
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

## CXLIH.

So he began to stammer some excuses ;  
But words are not enough in such a matter,  
Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses  
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,  
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses ;  
Just as a languid smile began to flatter  
His peace was making, but before he ventured  
Further, old Baba rather briskly entered.



## CXLIV.

“ Bride of the Sun ! and Sister of the Moon ! ”

‘ ( ’Twas thus he spake, ) “ and Empress of the Earth !

“ Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,

“ Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,

“ Your slave brings tidings---he hopes not too soon---

“ Which your sublime attention may be worth:

“ The Sun himself has sent me like a ray

“ To hint that he is coming up this way.”

## CXLV.

“ Is it,” exclaimed Gulleyaz, “ as you say ?

“ I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning !

“ But bid my women form the milky way.

“ Hence, my old comet ! give the stars due warning---

“ And christian ! mingle with them as you may,

“ And as you’d have me pardon your past scorning ---”

Here they were interrupted by a humming

Sound, and then by a cry, “ the sultan’s coming ! ”

## CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,

And then his Highness’ eunuchs, black and white ;

The train might reach a quarter of a mile :

His majesty was always so polite

As to announce his visits a long while

Before he came, especially at night ;

For being the last wife of the emperor,

She was of course the favourite of the four.

## CXLVII.

His highness was a man of solemn port,  
Shawl'd to the nose and bearded to the eyes,  
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,  
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise ;  
He was as good a sovereign of the sort  
As any mention'd in the histories  
Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine  
Save Solyman, the glory of their line. (9)

## CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers  
With more than "oriental scrupulosity ;"  
He left to his vizier all state affairs,  
And show'd but little royal curiosity :  
I know not if he had domestic cares—  
No process proved connubial animosity ;  
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,  
Were ruled as calmly as a christian queen.

## CXLIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,  
Little was heard of criminal or crime ;  
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—  
The sack and sea had settled all in time,  
From which the secret nobody could rip :  
The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;  
No scandals made the daily press a curse---  
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

## CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,  
Was also certain that the earth was square.  
Because he had journey'd fifty miles and found  
No sign that it was circular any where ;  
His empire also was without a bound :  
'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,  
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,  
But then they never came to " the Seven Towers ;"

## CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent  
To lodge there when a war broke out, according  
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant  
Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in  
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent  
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording  
Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or  
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

## CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,  
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,  
The former in a palace, where like nuns  
They lived till some bashaw was sent abroad,  
When she, whose turn it was, wedded at once,  
Sometimes at six years old—though this seems odd.  
'Tis true ; the reason is, that the bashaw  
Must make a present to his sire in law.

## CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew  
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,  
One or the other, but which of the two  
Could yet be known unto the fates alone ;  
Meantime the education they went through  
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown :  
So that the heir apparent still was found  
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

## CLIV.

His majesty saluted his fourth spouse  
With all the ceremonies of his rank,  
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows,  
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank ;  
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,  
To save the credit of their breaking bank :  
To no men are such cordial greetings given  
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

## CLV.

His highness cast around his great black eyes,  
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived  
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,  
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor grieved,  
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,  
While still a fluttering sigh Gulleyaz heaved,  
“ I see you've bought another girl ; 'tis pity  
“ That a mere christian should be half so pretty.”

## CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon  
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake.  
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone :  
Oh ! Mahomet ! that his majesty should take  
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one  
Of them his lips imperial ever spake !  
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,  
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

## CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—  
The women up—because in sad reality,  
Their chastity in these unhappy climes  
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,  
Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,  
And makes our snow less pure than our morality,  
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,  
Has quite the contrary effect on vice,

## CLVIII.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,  
Though not for want of matter ; but 'tis time,  
According to the ancient epic laws,  
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.  
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,  
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;  
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps  
You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.



## NOTES TO CANTO V.

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Note 1, page 250, stanza iii.

*The ocean stream.*

THIS expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

Note 2, page 250, stanza v.

*“ The Giant’s Grave.”*

“ The Giant’s Grave” is a height on the Adriatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties : like Harrow and Highgate.

Note 3, page 260, stanza xxxiii.

*And running out as fast as I was able.*

The assassination alluded to took place on the eighth of December, 1820, in the streets of R ———, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

Note 4, page 260, stanza xxxiv.

*Kill’d by five bullets from an old gun barrel.*

There was found close by him an old gun barrel, sawn half off : it had just been discharged, and was still warm.

Note 5, page 266, stanza liii.

*Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.*

In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but was like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiewiaks were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "*he was no hungrier than when he began.*"

Note 6, page 267, stanza lv.

*Splendid but silent, save in one, where, dropping,  
A marble fountain echoes.*

A common furniture.---I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a room containing a marble basin and fountain, &c. &c. &c.

Note 7, page 278, stanza lxxxvii.

*The gate so splendid was in all its features.*

Features of a gate---a ministerial metaphor; "*feature* upon which this question hinges."---See the "*Fudge Family*," or hear Castlereagh.

Note 8, page 284, stanza cvi

*Though on more thorough-bred or fairer fingers.*

There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand: it is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

Note 9, page 298, stanza cxlvii.

*Save Solyman, the glory of their line.*

It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "*Empire*," hints that *Solyman* was the last of his line; on what



authority, I know not. These are his words: "The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solyman, until this day, is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Solymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half a dozen instances from his apophthegms only.

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch on one or two as trifling in the edition of the British Poets, by the justly celebrated Campbell.---But I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken.---If any thing could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub-street.

The inadvertencies to which I alluded are,---

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken "his leading characters from *Smollett*." *Anstey's Bath Guide* was published in 1766. *Smollett's Humphry Clinker*, (the only work of *Smollett's* from which *Tabitha*, &c. &c. could have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn in 1770.---"*Argal*," if there has been any borrowing, *Anstey* must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his *own* data in his lives of *Smollett* and *Anstey*.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says in the life of Cowper (note to page 558, vol 7) that "he knows not to whom Cowper alludes in these lines:

"Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,  
"Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn."

The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire."

Thirdly, in the life of Burns, Mr. C. quotes Shakspeare thus,—

“ To gild refined gold, to paint *the* rose,

“ Or add fresh perfume to the violet.”

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows :

“ To gild refined gold; to paint the *lily*,

“ To throw a perfume on the violet,” &c.

KING JOHN.

A great poet quoting another should be correct; he should also be accurate, when he accuses a Parnassian brother{of that dangerous charge “ borrowing :” a poet had better borrow any thing (excepting money) than the thoughts of another---they are always sure to be reclaimed ; but it is very hard, having been the *lender*, to be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of Anstey versus Smollett.

As there is “ honour amongst thieves,” let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due,---none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers), who can be reproached (and in *him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written *too little*.

# DON JUAN.

## CANTO VI.



## P R E F A C E

TO

CANTOS VI.—VII.—AND VIII.

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THE details of the Siege of Ismail in two of the following Cantos (*i. e.* the 7th and 8th) are taken from a French work, entitled “*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.*” Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterwards the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence. In the course of these Cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person’s Oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true; but with this the

Public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a Minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention and the weakest in intellect that ever tyrannized over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans, that England has been insulted by a *Minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant Lunatic—a sentimental Suicide—he merely cut the “carotid artery” (blessings on their learning) and lo! the Pageant, and the Abbey! and “the Syllables of Dolour yelled forth” by the Newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in an eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded Crew of Conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric.\* In his life he was—what all

\* I say by the *law* of the *land*---the laws of humanity judge more gently; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejani \* of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the Nations, that their Oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.—Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the Ashes of her Grattan from the Sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the Patriot of Humanity repose by the Werther of Politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published Cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—

"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les livres."

"Plus les mœurs sont depravées plus les expressions deviennent mesurées! on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with radical, liberal, jacobin, reformer, &c. are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears

\* From this number must be excepted Canning: Canning is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning can; but *will* he? I for one, hope so.

of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *Blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But Persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the “wretched Infidel,” as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his Assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience-sake will make more proselytes to Deism than the example of heterodox.\* Prelates to Christianity, suicide Statesmen to oppression, or over-pensioned Homicides to the impious Alliance which insults the world with the name of “Holy!” I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the Classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *Cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish Spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

\* When Lord Sandwich said “he did not now the difference between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy”---Warburton the bishop replied, “Orthodoxy, my Lord, is *my doxy*, and Heterodoxy is *another man’s doxy*:---A Prelate of the present day has discovered, it seems, a *third* kind of doxy, which has not greatly exalted in the eyes of the elect that which Bentham calls “Ghurch-of-Englandism.”



# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO VI.

---

### I.

“THERE is a tide in the affairs of men

“Which taken at the flood”—you know the rest,  
And most of us have found it, now and then ;

At least we think so, though but few have guess’d  
The moment, till too late to come again.

But no doubt every thing is for the best—  
Of which the surest sign is in the end :  
When things are at the worst they sometimes mend.

### II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,

“Which taken at the flood leads”—God knows where :  
Those navigators must be able seamen :

Whose charts lay down its current to a hair ;  
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen

With its strange whirls and eddies can compare :—  
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—  
But women with their hearts or heaven knows what !

## III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,  
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk  
A throne, the world, the universe, to be  
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk  
The stars from out the sky, than not be free  
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—  
Though such a she's a devil (if that there be one)  
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

## IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset  
By commonest Ambition, that when Passion  
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,  
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.  
If Anthony be well remembered yet,  
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion ;  
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,  
Outbalance all the Cæsar's victories.

## V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty ;  
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,  
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I  
Remember, when though I had no great plenty  
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I  
Gave what I had—a heart :—as the world went, I  
Gave what was worth a world ; for worlds could never  
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

## VI.

“ ’Twas the boy’s mite,” and like the “ widow’s” may  
Perhaps be weighed hereafter, if not now ;  
But whether such things do or do not weigh,  
All who have loved, or love, will still allow  
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,  
And Love’s a God, or was before the brow  
Of Earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears  
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

## VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in  
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,  
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin  
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman :  
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,  
And don’t agree at all with the wise Roman,  
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

## VIII.

I know Gulleyaz was extremely wrong ;  
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;  
But I detest all fiction even in song,  
And so must tell the truth, howe’er you blame it.  
Her reason being weak, her passions strong,  
She thought that her lord’s heart (even could she  
claim it)  
Was scarce enough ; for he had fifty-nine  
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

## IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"  
But by "the bookish theoric" it appears,  
If 'tis summed up with feminine precision,  
That, adding to the account his Highness' years,  
The fair Sultana erred from inanition;  
For were the Sultan just to all his dears,  
She could but claim the fifteenth hundred part  
Of what should be monopoly---the heart.

## X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious  
Upon all legal objects of possession,  
And not the least so when they are religious,  
Which doubles what they think of the transgression.  
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,  
As the tribunals show through many a session,  
When they suspect that any one goes shares  
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

## XI.

Now if this holds good in a Christian land,  
The heathen also, though with lesser latitude,  
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,  
And take, what kings call "an imposing attitude;"  
And for their rights connubial make a stand,  
When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude:  
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,  
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

## XII.

Gulleyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)

The favourite ; but what's favour amongst four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,

Not only as a sin, but as a *bore* :---

Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,

Will scarcely find philosophy for more ;

And all (except Mahometans) forbear

To make the nuptial couch a " Bed of Ware."

## XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,---

So styled according to the usual forms

Of every monarch, till they are consigned

To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,

Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,---

His Highness gazed upon Gulleyaz' charms,

Expecting all the welcome of a lover,

(A " Highland welcome" all the wide world over.)

## XIV.

Now here we should distinguish ; for howe'er

Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,

May look like what is---neither here nor there,

They are put on as easily as a hat,

Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,

Trimmed either heads or hearts to decorate

Which form an ornament, but no more part

Of heads, than their caresses of the heart

## XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind  
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown  
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned  
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,  
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)  
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,  
A sincere woman's breast---for over *warm*  
Or over *cold* annihilates the charm.

## XVI.

For over warmth, if false, is worse than truth;  
If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire;  
For no one, save in very early youth,  
Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,  
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,  
And apt to be transferred to the first buyer  
At a sad discount: while your over chilly  
Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat silly.

## XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,  
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,  
Who fain would have a mutual flame confest,  
And see a sentimental passion glow,  
Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,  
In his Monastic Concubine of Snow;---  
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is  
Horatian, "Medio tu tutissimus ibis."

## XVIII.

The "tu" 's *too* much,---but let it stand---the verse  
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme,  
And not the pink of old Hexameters;  
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time  
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,  
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime :  
I own no prosody can ever rate it  
As a rule, but *Truth* may, if you translate it.

## XIX.

If fair Gulleyaz overdid her part,  
I know not---it succeeded, and success  
Is much in most things, not less in the heart  
Than other articles of female dress.  
Self-love in man too beats all female art;  
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :  
And no one virtue yet, except Starvation,  
Could stop that worst of vices---Propagation.

## XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose ;  
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep  
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes ;  
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep  
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.  
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;  
Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears  
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

## XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill  
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted  
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,  
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted ;  
A bad old woman making a worse will,  
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted  
As certain ;---these are paltry things, and yet .  
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

## XXII.

I'm a philosopher ; confound them all !  
Bills, beasts, and men, and---no ! *not* Womankind ;  
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,  
And then my Stoicism leaves nought behind  
Which it can neither pain or evil call,  
And I can give my whole soul up to mind ;  
Though what *is* soul or mind, their birth or growth,  
Is more than I know---the deuce take them both.

## XXIII.

So now all things are d---n'd, one feels at ease,  
As after reading Athanasius' curse,  
Which doth your true believer so much please :  
I doubt if any now could make it worse  
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees.  
'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,  
And decorates the book of Common Prayer  
As doth a Rainbow the just clearing air.



## XXIV.

Gulleyaz and her lord were sleeping, or  
At least one of them--Oh the heavy night!  
When wicked wives who love some bachelor  
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light  
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for  
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite,  
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake  
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake.

## XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,  
Also beneath the canopy of beds  
Four-posted and silk curtained, which are given  
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads  
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call "driven  
Snow." Well! 'tis all hap-hazard when one weds.  
Gulleyaz was an empress, but had been  
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean*.

## XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,  
With all the damsels in their long array,  
Had bowed themselves before the imperial eyes,  
And at the usual signal ta'en their way  
Back to their chambers, those long galleries  
In the Seraglio, where the ladies lay  
Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there  
Beating for love as the caged birds for air.

## XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had  
"One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce :"  
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;  
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
That Womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

## XXVIII.

Oh enviable Briareus ! with thy hands  
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied  
In such proportion !---But my Muse withstands  
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,  
Or travelling in Patagonian lands ;  
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide  
Our hero through the labyrinth of love  
In which we left him several lines above.

## XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,  
At the given signal joined to their array ;  
And though he certainly ran many risks,  
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,  
(Although the consequences of such frisks  
Are worse than the worst damages men pay  
In moral England, where the thing's a tax)  
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

## XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise ;--along  
The galleries from room to room they walked,  
A virgin-like and edifying throng,  
By eunuchs flanked ; while at their head there stalked  
A dame who kept up discipline among  
The female ranks, so that none stirred or talked  
Without her sanction on their she-parades :  
Her title was “ the Mother of the Maids.”

## XXXI.

Whether she was a “ mother,” I know not,  
Or whether they were “ maids” who called her mother ;  
But this is her seraglio title, got  
I know not how, but good as any other ;  
So Cantemir can tell you, or De Tott :  
Her office was, to keep aloof or smother  
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred  
Young women, and correct them when they blundered.

## XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt ! but made  
More easy by the absence of all men  
Except his majesty, who, with her aid,  
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then  
A slight example, just to cast a shade  
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den  
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,  
Where all the passions have, alas ! but one vent.

## XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless---how  
Could you ask such a question?---but we will  
Continue. As I said, this goodly row  
Of ladies of all countries at the will  
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,  
Like water-lilies floating down a rill  
Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run *slowly*,—  
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

## XXXIV.

But when they reached their own apartments, there,  
Like birds or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,  
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where,  
When freed from bonds (which are of no great use  
After all) or like Irish at a fair,  
Their guards being gone, and as it were a truce  
Established between them and bondage, they  
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile and play.

## XXXV.

Their talk of course ran most on the new comer,  
Her shape, her hair, her air, her every thing:  
Some thought her dress did not so much become her,  
Or wondered at her ears without a ring;  
Some said her years were getting nigh their summer,  
Others contended they were but in spring;  
Some thought her rather masculine in height,  
While others wished that she had been so quite.

## XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she  
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,  
And fresh, and, “ beautiful exceedingly,”  
Who with the brightest Georgians might compare:  
They wondered how Gulleyaz too could be  
So silly as to buy slaves who might share  
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)  
Her throne and power and every thing beside.

## XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,  
Although her beauty was enough to vex,  
After the first investigating view,  
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks  
In the fair form of their companion new,  
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,  
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,  
In a new face “ the ugliest creature breathing.”

## XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies  
Like all the rest ; but upon this occasion,  
Whether there are such things as sympathies  
Without our knowledge or our approbation,  
Although they could not see through his disguise,  
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,  
Like Magnetism, or Devilism, or what  
You please—we will not quarrel about that :

## XXXIX.

But certain 'tis they all felt for their new  
Companion something newer still, as 'twere  
A sentimental friendship through and through,  
Extremely pure, which made them all concur  
In wishing her their sister, save a few  
Who wished they had a brother, just like her,  
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,  
They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.

## XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort  
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,  
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudù ; in short,  
(To save description) fair as fair can be  
Were they, according to the best report,  
Though differing in stature and degree,  
And clime and time, and country and complexion ;  
They all alike admired their new connexion.

## XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm ;  
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,  
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,  
And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,  
But rather skim the earth ; while Dudù's form  
Looked more adapted to be put to bed,  
Being somewhat large and languishing and lazy,  
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

## XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudù,  
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those  
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendant hue,  
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose ;  
Few angles were there in her form 'tis true,  
Thinner she might have been and yet scarce lose ;  
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where  
It would not spoil some separate charm to pare.

## XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but  
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking ;  
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,  
They put beholders in a tender taking ;  
She looked (this simile 's quite new) just cut  
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,  
The Mortal and the Marble still at strife,  
And timidly expanding into life.

## XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—  
" Juanna."—Well, a pretty name enough.  
Katinka asked her also whence she came—  
" From Spain."—" But where is Spain?"—" Don't  
ask such stuff,  
" Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame !"  
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,  
To poor Katinka : " Spain's an island near  
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

## XLV.

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside  
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair ;  
And looking at her steadfastly, she sigh'd,  
As if she pitied her for being there,  
A pretty stranger without friend or guide,  
And all abashed too at the general stare  
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,  
With kind remarks upon their mien and faces.

## XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,  
With, "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.  
"I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,"  
She added to Juanna, their new guest :  
"Your coming has been unexpected here,  
"And every couch is occupied ; you had best  
"Partake of mine ; but by to-morrow early  
"We will have all things settled for you fairly."

## XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know  
"You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear  
"That any body should disturb you so ;  
"I'll take Juanna ; we're a slenderer pair  
"Than you would make the half of ;—don't say no ;  
"And I of your young charge will take due care."  
But here Katinka interfered and said,  
"She also had compassion and a bed,"



## XLVIII.

“ Besides, I hate to sleep alone,” quoth she.

The Matron frowned : “ Why so ”—“ For fear  
of ghosts,”

Replied Katinka ; “ I am sure I see

“ A phantom upon each of the four posts ;

“ And then I have the worst dreams that can be,

“ Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls in hosts.”

The Dame replied, “ Between your dreams and you

“ I fear Juanna’s dreams would be but few.

## XLIX.

“ You, Lolah, must continue still to lie

“ Alone, for reasons which don’t matter ; you

“ The same, Katinka, until by and bye ;

“ And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,

“ Who ’s quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,

“ And will not toss and chatter the night through.

“ What say you, child ?”—Dudù said nothing, as

Her talents were of the more silent class ;

## L.

But she rose up, and kissed the Matron’s brow

Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,

Katinka too ; and with a gentle bow

(Curtsies are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)

She took Juanna by the hand to show

Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,

The others pouting at the Matron’s preference

Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from deference.

## LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is  
The Turkish title) and ranged round the wall  
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this  
I might describe, as I have seen it all,  
But it suffices—little was amiss;  
'Twas on the whole a nobly furnished hall,  
With all things ladies want, save one or two,  
And even those were nearer than they knew.

## LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,  
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,  
With the most regulated charms of feature,  
Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning  
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature  
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,  
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,  
And pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

## LIII.

But she was a soft Landscape of mild Earth,  
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,  
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,  
Which if not happiness, is much more nigh it  
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,  
Which some call “the sublime:” I wish they’d try it:  
I’ve seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

## LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,  
And serious more than pensive, and serene,  
It may be more than either—not unholy  
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been  
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly  
Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen.  
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;  
She never thought about herself at all.

## LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as  
The age of Gold (when Gold was yet unknown,  
By which its nomenclature came to pass;  
Thus most appropriately has been shown  
“*Lucus a non Lucendo,*” *not what was,*  
But what *was not*; a sort of style that’s grown  
Extremely common in this age, whose metal  
The devil may decompose but never settle;

## LVI.

I think it may be of “Corinthian Brass,”  
Which was a Mixture of all Metals, but  
The Brazen uppermost.) Kind reader! pass  
This long parenthesis: I could not shut  
It sooner for the soul of me, and class  
My faults even with your own! which meaneth, Put  
A kind construction upon them and me:  
But *that* you won’t—then don’t—I am not less free.

## LVII.

Tis time we should return to plain narration,  
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,  
With every kindness short of ostentation,  
Shewed Juan, or Juanna, through and through  
This labyrinth of females, and each station  
Described what's strange—in words extremely few:  
I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,  
For wordless woman, which is *silent* Thunder.

## LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because  
The Gender still was Epicene, at least  
In outward show, which is a saving clause)  
An outline of the Customs of the East,  
With all their chaste integrity of laws,  
By which the more a Harem is increased,  
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties  
Of any supernumerary beauties.

## LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:  
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure  
That nobody can ever take amiss,  
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,  
And between females means no more than this—  
That they have nothing better near, or newer.  
“Kiss” rhymes to “bliss” in fact as well as verse—  
I wish it never led to something worse.

## LX.

In perfect Innocence she then unmade

Her toilet, which cost little, for she was  
A Child of Nature, carelessly arrayed :

If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,  
'Twas like the fawn which, in the lake displayed,  
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,  
When first she starts, and then returns to peep  
Admiring this new Native of the deep.

## LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress

Were laid aside ; but not before she offered  
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess

Of Modesty declined the assistance proffered :  
Which past well off—as she could do no less :

Though by this politesse she rather suffered,  
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,  
Which surely were invented for our sins,---

## LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,

Not to be rashly touched. But still more dread,  
Oh ye ! whose fate it is, as once 'twas mine,

In early youth, to turn a lady's maid ;---  
I did my very boyish best to shine

In tricking her out for a masquerade :  
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not  
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

## LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,  
And I love Wisdom more than she loves me;  
My tendency is to philosophize

On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;  
But still the spouseless Virgin *Knowledge* flies.

What are we? and whence came we? what shall be  
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?  
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

## LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim  
And distant from each other burned the lights,  
And Slumber hovered o'er each lovely limb  
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,  
They should have walked there in their spriteliest trim,  
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,  
And shown themselves as Ghosts of better taste  
Than haunting some old Ruin or wild Waste.

## LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,  
Like flowers of different hue and clime and root,  
In some exotic garden sometimes found,  
With cost and care and warmth induced to shoot.  
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,  
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit  
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath  
And lips apart, which showed the pearls beneath.

## LXVI.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,  
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd  
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm ;  
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud  
The Moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,  
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,  
Her beauty seized the unconscious hour of night  
All bashfully to struggle into light.

## LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so ; for  
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.  
A third's all pallid aspect offered more  
The traits of sleeping Sorrow, and betrayed  
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore  
Beloved and deplored ; while slowly strayed  
(As Night Dew, on a Cypress glittering, tinges  
The black bough) tear drops through her eyes' dark  
fringes.

## LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,  
Lay in a breathless, hushed and stony sleep ;  
White, cold and pure, as looks a frozen rill,  
Or the snow minaret, on an Alpine steep,  
Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will ;  
My similes are gathered in a heap,  
So pick and chuse—perhaps you'll be content  
With a carved lady on a monument.

## LXIX.

And lo ! a fifth appears ;—and what is she ?

A lady of “ a certain age,” which means  
Certainly aged—what her years might be

I know not, never counting past their teens ;  
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,

As ere that awful period intervenes  
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,  
To meditate upon their sins and self.

## LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dreamed, Duddù ?

With strict enquiry I could ne’er discover,  
And scorn to add a syllable untrue ;

But ere the middle watch was hardly over,  
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,

And phantoms hovered, or might seem to hover  
To those who like their company, about  
The apartment, on a sudden she screamed out :

## LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstarted all

The Oda, in a general commotion :  
Matrons and maids, and those whom you may call

Neither, came crowding like the waves of ocean,  
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,

All trembling, wondering, without the least notion,  
More than I have myself, or what could make  
The calm Duddù so turbulently wake.



## LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,  
With floating draperies and with flying hair,  
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,  
And bosoms, arms, and ancles glancing bare,  
And bright as any meteor ever bred  
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care,  
For she seemed agitated, flushed and frightened,  
Her eye dilated and her colour heightened.

## LXXIII.

But what is strange---and a strong proof how great  
A blessing is sound sleep---Juanna lay  
As fast as ever husband by his mate  
In holy matrimony snores away.  
Not all the clamour broke her happy state  
Of slumber, ere they shook her,---so they say  
At least,---and then she too unclosed her eyes,  
And yawned a good deal with discreet surprise,

## LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,  
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once  
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,  
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunc  
To answer in a very clear oration.  
Dudù had never passed for wanting sense,  
But being “no orator as Brutus is,”  
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

## LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound  
She dreamed a dream, of walking in a wood---  
A "wood obscure" like that where Dante found\*  
Himself in at the age when all grow good;  
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue crowned,  
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;  
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,  
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

## LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,--  
A most prodigious pippin---but it hung  
Rather too high and distant; that she threw  
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung  
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung  
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
But always at a most provoking height;---

## LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,  
It fell down of its own accord, before  
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop  
And pick it up, and bite it to the core;  
That just as her young lip began to ope  
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,  
A bee flew out and stung her to the heart,  
And so---she woke with a great scream and start.

\* "Nel' mezzo del' Cammin' di nostra vita

"Mi ritrovai per una Selva oscura," &c. &c. &c.

## LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and  
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams  
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand  
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.  
I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned  
Prophetically, or that which one deems  
"A strange coincidence," to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled now-a-days.

## LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,  
Began, as is the consequence of fear,  
To scold a little at the false alarm  
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.  
The matron too was wroth to leave her warm  
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,  
And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sighed,  
And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

## LXXX.

"I've heard of stories of a cock and bull ;  
"But visions of an apple and a bee,  
"To take us from our natural rest, and pull  
"The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,  
"Would make us think the moon is at its full.  
"You surely are unwell, child ! we must see,  
"To-morrow, what his Highness's physician  
"Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

## LXXXI.

“ And poor Juanna too ! the child’s first night  
“ Within these walls, to be broke in upon  
“ With such a clamour—I had thought it right  
“ That the young stranger should not lie alone,  
“ And as the quietest of all, she might  
“ With you, Dudù, a good night’s rest have known ;  
“ But now I must transfer her to the charge  
“ Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large.”

## LXXXII.

Lolah’s eyes sparkled at the proposition ;  
But poor Dudù with large drops in her own,  
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,  
Implored that present pardon might be shown  
For this first fault, and that on no condition  
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)  
Juanna should be taken from her, and  
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

## LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,  
At least to dream so loudly as just now ;  
She wondered at herself how she could scream—  
’Twas foolish, nervous, as she must allow,  
A fond hallucination, and a theme  
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,  
And begged they would excuse her ; she’d get over  
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

## LXXXVI.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,  
And said she felt herself extremely well  
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed  
When all around rang like a tocsin bell :  
She did not find herself the least disposed  
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell  
Apart from one who had no sin to show  
Save that of dreaming once “ mal-à-propos.”

## LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke Dudù turned round  
And hid her face within Juanna's breast ;  
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found  
The colour of a budding rose's crest.  
I can't tell why she blushed, nor can expound  
The mystery of this rupture of their rest ;  
All that I know is, that the facts I state  
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

## LXXXVI.

And so good night to them,—or, if you will,  
Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and light  
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,  
And the Mosque crescent struggled into sight  
Of the long caravan, which in the chill  
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height  
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds  
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

## LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,  
Gulleyaz rose from restlessness ; and pale  
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,  
Arrayed herself with mantle, gem, and veil.  
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,  
Which Fable places in her breast of Wail,  
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those  
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

## LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,  
If people would but see its real drift ;—  
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,  
Because all gentle readers have the gift  
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision ;  
While gentle writers also love to lift  
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,  
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

## LXXXIX.

Rose the Sultana from a bed of splendour,  
Softer than the soft Sybarite's who cried  
Aloud because his feelings were too tender  
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—  
So beautiful that art could little mend her,  
Though pale with conflicts between love and pride :—  
So agitated was she with her error,  
She did not even look into the mirror.

## XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,  
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,  
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,  
And of a wife by whom he was abhorred ;  
A thing of much less import in that clime—  
At least to those of incomes which afford  
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—  
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

## XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor  
Indeed on any other : as a man  
He liked to have a handsome paramour  
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,  
And therefore of Circassians had good store,  
As an amusement after the Divan ;  
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,  
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

## XCII.

And now he rose ; and after due ablutions  
Exacted by the customs of the East,  
And prayers and other pious evolutions,  
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,  
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,  
Whose victories had recently increased  
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores  
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

## XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander !

Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend  
Thine ear, if it should reach,---and now rhymes wander  
Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend  
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander  
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend  
Their roar even with the Baltic's---so you be  
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

## XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim

Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,  
That hater of mankind, would be a shame,  
A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on ;  
But people's ancestors are history's game ;  
And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on  
All generations, I should like to know  
What pedigree the best would have to show ?

## XCV.

Had Catherine and the Sultan understood

Their own true interests which kings rarely know,  
Until 'tis taught by lessons rather rude,  
There was a way to end their strife, although  
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,  
Without the aid of Prince or Plenipo :  
She to dismiss her guards, and he his harem,  
And for other matters, meet and share 'em.



## XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold  
His daily council upon ways and means,  
How to encounter with this martial scold,  
This modern amazon and Queen of Queans;  
And the perplexity could not be told  
Of all the Pillars of the state, which leans  
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs  
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

## XCVII.

Meantime Gulleyaz, when her king was gone,  
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place  
For love or breakfast; private, pleasing, lone,  
And rich with all contrivances which grace  
Those gay recesses :---many a precious stone  
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase  
Of porcelain held in the fettered flowers,  
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

## XCVIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,  
Vied with each other on this costly spot;  
And singing birds without were heard to warble;  
And the stained glass which lighted this fair grot  
Varied each ray;---but all descriptions garble  
The true effect, and so we had better not  
Be too minute; an outline is the best,---  
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

## XCIX.

And here she summoned Baba, and required  
Don Juan at his hands and information  
Of what had past since all the slaves retired,  
And whether he had occupied their station;  
If matters had been managed as desired,  
And his disguise with due consideration  
Kept up; and above all, the where and how  
He had passed the night, was what she wished to know.

## C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied  
To this long catechism of questions asked  
More easily than answered,---that he had tried  
His best to obey in what he had been tasked;  
But there seemed something that he wished to hide,  
*Which* hesitation more betrayed than masqued;---  
He scratched his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrassed people have recourse.

## CI.

Gulleyaz was no model of true patience,  
Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;  
She liked quick answers in all conversations;  
And when she saw him stumbling like a steed  
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;  
And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,  
Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,  
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

## CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew  
To bode him no great good, he deprecated  
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through---  
He could not help the thing which he related :  
Then out it came at length, that to Dudù  
Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated ;  
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on  
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

## CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom  
The discipline of the whole harem bore,  
As soon as they re-entered their own room,  
For Baba's function stopt short at the door,  
Had settled all ; nor could he then presume  
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,  
Without exciting such suspicion as  
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

## CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought he could be sure  
Juan had not betrayed himself ; in fact  
Twas certain that his conduct had been pure,  
Because a foolish or imprudent act  
Would not alone have made him insecure,  
But ended in his being found out, and *sacked*,  
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke  
Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke.

## CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,  
And talked away, and might have talked till now,  
For any further answer that he found,  
So deep an anguish wrung Gulleyaz' brow;  
Her cheek turned ashes, ears rung, brain whirled round  
As if she had received a sudden blow,  
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly  
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

## CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,  
Baba thought she would faint, but there he erred;—  
It was but a convulsion, which though short  
Can never be described; we all have heard,  
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort,*"  
When things beyond the common have occurred;—  
Gulleyaz proved in that brief agony  
What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

## CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full  
Of Inspiration gathered from Distress,  
When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull  
The heart asunder;—then, as more or less  
Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,  
She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,  
And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

## CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen ; her hair  
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,  
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,  
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,  
A low, soft ottoman) and black Despair  
Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,  
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check  
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

## CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping  
Concealed her features better than a veil ;  
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,  
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale :  
Would that I were a painter ! to be grouping  
All that a poet drags into detail !  
Oh that my words were colours ! but their tints  
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

## CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk  
And when to hold his tongue, now held it till  
This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk  
Gulleyaz' taciturn or speaking will.  
At length she rose up, and began to walk  
Slowly along the room, but silent still,  
And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye ;  
The Wind was down, but still the Sea ran high.

## CXI.

She stopt, and raised her head to speak—but paused,  
And then moved on again with rapid pace ;  
Then slackened it, which is the march most caused  
By deep Emotion :---you may sometimes trace  
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased  
By all the Demons of all Passions, showed  
Their work even by the way in which he trode.

## CXII.

Gulleyaz stopped and beckoned Baba :—" Slave!  
"Bring the two slaves!" she said in a low tone,  
But one which Baba did not like to brave,  
And yet he shuddered, and seemed rather prone  
To prove reluctant, and begged leave to crave  
(Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown  
What slaves her Highness wished to indicate,  
For fear of any error, like the late.

## CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied  
The Imperial Bride—and added, "Let the boat  
Be ready by the secret portal's side :  
"You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,  
Despite her injured love and fiery pride ;  
And of this Baba willingly took note,  
And begged by every hair of Mahomet's beard  
She would revoke the order he had heard.

## CXIV.

“To hear is to obey,” he said; “but still,  
“Sultana, think upon the consequence:  
“It is not that I shall not all fulfil  
“Your orders, even in their severest sense;  
“But such precipitation may end ill,  
“Even at your own imperative expense:  
“I do not mean destruction and exposure  
“In case of any premature disclosure;

## CXV.

“But your own feelings. Even should all the rest  
“Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide  
“Already many a once love-beaten breast  
“Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—  
“You love this boyish, new, Seraglio guest,  
“And if this violent remedy *bê* tried—  
“Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,  
“That killing him is not the way to cure you.”

## CXVI.

“What dost thou know of love or feeling?—wretch!  
“Begone!” she cried, with kindling eyes—And do  
“My bidding!” Baba vanished, for to stretch  
His own remonstrance further he well knew  
Might end in acting as his own “Jack Ketch;”  
And though he wished extremely to get through  
This awkward business without harm to others,  
He still preferred his own neck to another’s.

## CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,  
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase  
Against all women of whate'er condition,  
Especially Sultanas and their ways ;  
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,  
Their never knowing their own mind two days,  
The trouble that they gave, their Immorality,  
Which made him daily bless his own Neutrality.

## CXVIII.

And then he called his Brethren to his aid,  
And sent one on a summons to the pair,  
That they must instantly be well arrayed,  
And above all be combed even to a hair,  
And brought before the Empress, who had made  
Enquiries after them with kindest care :  
At which Dudù looked strange, and Juan silly ;  
But go they must at once, and Will I—Nill I.

## CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation  
For the Imperial presence, wherein whether  
Gulleyaz shewed them both commiseration,  
Or got rid of the parties altogether,  
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—  
Are things the turning of a hair or feather  
May settle ; but far be't from me to anticipate  
In what way feminine Caprice may dissipate.



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CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,

Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange  
Another part of History, for the dishes

Of this our banquet we must sometimes change,  
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,

Although his situation now seems strange,  
And scarce secure : as such digressions *are* fair,  
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

END OF VOL. I.

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